

The Sketch

No. 1351.—Vol. CIV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



DAME COMMANDER—FOR RED CROSS WORK: THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL.

The Duchess of Atholl is the wife of the eighth Duke, to whom she was married in 1899. Her Grace was then Miss Katharine Marjory Ramsay, and she is the daughter of Sir James Henry Ramsay, tenth Baronet, of Banff. Recently she was made a Dame Commander of the

Order of the British Empire, in recognition of the valuable services which she has rendered as President of the Perthshire Branch of the British Red Cross Society, for the success of which she has left nothing undone.—[*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

The Mysterious Election.

It is high time that we were told something definite about the election. After all, so long as one has to live in the United Kingdom, one must be interested in the management of the United Kingdom. As a child, I used to wonder how it was that life went on in much the same way whichever side talked itself into power. Pocket-money was just as tight, chocolate-cream was just as dear, and the horrible day of departure for school came round with almost unfailling regularity.

What, then, were all these grown-up people making such a fuss about? Why did they attend crowded meetings in stuffy rooms, and stamp, and hoot, and applaud, and get very flushed in the face? Why was all trade and business at a standstill on the day of the poll? Why did some people flaunt yellow ribbons and some blue? Why was the result of the poll hailed with cheers and groans? What difference was it all going to make to any of us?

I used to wait for the miraculous changes our candidate had promised us. I do not remember that they ever came to pass. Nobody seemed to get much richer. The people who had yelled loudest and stamped hardest returned to their shops and their farms, and carried on in precisely the old, old manner until they either died, or went bankrupt, or sold out and went to Australia.

Small wonder that one small boy lost faith in the magic of politics. All that was getting on for forty years ago, and the Church of England, so far as I know, is not disestablished yet!

What is Happening?

I think we ought to be told, therefore, something definite about this present election. It is no ordinary election. It cannot be. It must be the most important election in the history of the world, because it follows immediately after the greatest war in the history of the world. This election, I presume, is to ratify the bargain that the men made who gave their lives for the Cause of Humanity.

Well, then, when does it begin? Beyond speeches, I have heard nothing much about it. Nobody has asked me for my vote. Nobody has told me what my local candidate intends to do when he gets into the House of Commons. What *does* he intend to do? He knows, presumably, and I think he might tell me. Why this secretiveness?

There have been, it is true, a great many speeches on both sides; but I defy you to find out from the speeches of either side what they propose to do with the wonderful victory score^d by the soldiers and sailors of the Allies. Both sides have promised that the poor shall be better housed. Well, of course they must be better housed! It ought to have been done years and years ago, when the very same politicians were at the top of the tree. Everybody knew that the poor were badly housed; everybody said so; everybody agreed that the housing of the poor was a scandal.

But the poor went on dying in the same wretched slums. And now we ought to be told just how the winning side will remedy this state of things, and when the scheme will definitely start.

Old, Old Ground!

What we do *not* want to be told is something that we know already. We do *not* want to be told what wonderful fellows they all were during the war. When it comes to talking about the war, it will be sufficient if we bare our heads in honour of the dead, and set to work to secure the necessities of life for the maimed and living. For the rest, any man who has come through it with health and strength unimpaired has only to go down on his knees and thank God. He may be a wonderful fellow, but there are others. The standard throughout the country was very high, and you had only to switch the limelight in any direction to see a hero or a heroine. As for the men who did the actual fighting—well, somehow or other, they *don't* get up and scream about their deeds.

Another thing that ought to be avoided at all costs is waste of precious time that will never return. Lord Grey, in his lucid and powerful speech on the League of Nations, pointed out the necessity of using the motive-power of Victory before it dissipated itself and became merged in the atmosphere of ordinary common things. But day after day goes by, and common things are very much in the air. "I am a better man than Jones!" declares Smith. "Brown can't hold a candle to me!" yells Robinson.

All these little men are wasting our Victory. They are taking the attention of the country off the big things, and directing them to very little things—namely, themselves. And we don't want that. We bitterly resent that. A little more of it, and we shall send the whole boiling to the right-about.



A DANCER WHO UNDERSTUDIED MISS IVY SHILLING IN "SHANGHAI":
MISS LISA VARVARA.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

Poor Old Tommy!

The best thing that can happen for this country is to get the soldiers back without delay. Here are millions of men who have suffered, and nothing makes you think quite so clearly or so deeply as suffering: Tommy has been putting in a lot of thinking during this war, and he will come home

a very different man from the rather careless, light-hearted chap that went out. He will steady the country. He will be death and damnation to "hot air." He will have no sort of use for windy talk and flatulent promises. He will want to see things done, and he will see to it that he does see things done. I do not envy the position of any man, when Tommy comes home, who has nothing to sell but hot air.

In the meantime, I don't see how Tommy can be taking much interest in this election. I think he would be better pleased if all the myriads of gentlemen who are working themselves to death over the election would put in a bit of time on one other little job—demobilisation. He may be wondering if the chaos of the election is hindering his demobilisation. I don't say it is; but you can't stop poor old Tommy, spending another Christmas abroad, from wondering. And, when he does come back, he will want his say. Whatever we may settle in his absence will not impress him. "Oh, to hell with all that! I wasn't here! Put 'em up again, and let a chap see the stuff they're made of!" Can't you hear him saying something of that sort?

PEACE WORK: THE CHILDREN'S JEWEL FUND SALE OF DOLLS.



DOLLS "AT THE FRONT": A CORNER OF THE MINIATURE BATTLEFIELD.



DOLL GENERALS: (L. TO R.) GALLIENI, JOFFRE, GOURAUD, FOCH, PÉTAÏN, AND CASTELNAU.



ARRANGED BY MISS LILY BRAYTON: A "CHU CHIN CHOW" TABLEAU.



IN CHARGE OF HER "AIR FORCE" STALL: LADY DROGHEDA (ON THE RIGHT).



(L. TO R.) LADY DIANA MANNERS, LADY LAVERY, LADY HAMILTON, THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX, THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, LADY HENRY.



HELPERS ALWAYS WILLING TO AID A GOOD CAUSE: (L. TO R.) LADY ALEXANDER, LADY READING, AND LADY HENRY (HON. SEC. OF THE FUND).

The Doll Show in aid of the Children's Jewel Fund, which promotes child welfare by establishing infant welfare centres, was opened last week by the Duchess of Sutherland at Sunderland House, Curzon Street, to remain open till the 20th. Among the most notable exhibits were Lady Drogheda's "Air Force" dolls, equipped with aeroplane and airship models exactly

to scale, Lady Paget's "Army at Home and Abroad," Lady Henry's "Personages of the Great War," Lady Newnes' historical section dealing with wars of invasion, and a "Chu Chin Chow" group, arranged by Miss Lily Brayton (Mrs. Oscar Asche). The Show proved successful from the opening to the close.—[Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co. and L.N.A.]



In the Cause of Charity.

Of course, there has been any amount of excitement about the Election; and the women, amongst whom are many of my friends, who had bought special gowns for various special War Charities are a little irritated. Still, they are putting up with things, and making peace as peaceable as it could possibly be under the circumstances. I heard of a wild scene at Savoy Court the other evening, when a certain young friend of Miss Joy Ryde—who shall certainly be nameless until we print her picture in one of the illustrated daily newspapers as one of England's most prominent peace workers—adopted quite a violent tone of conversation when she found that a most exceptional (I hope it will always be exceptional) type of costume had been delivered to her for the aggrandisement of a War Charity Function some five days after "full time" had been declared so far as the war was concerned. It was then that her real sturdy and ardent patriotism became manifest. "I always thought the Kaiser was a sneak," she said. "Otherwise he would have carried on in a cheerio spirit for just a day or two more." I am very sorry for the dear young lady, and I hope she will comfort herself with the reflection that Peace has its defeats as well as War.



ONE BULL HELPS ANOTHER: A DICKENS HOSTELRY SIGN USED IN SIR WILLIAM BULL'S ELECTION CAMPAIGN.

The Black Bull from the famous Holborn Inn mentioned in "Martin Chuzzlewit" is here seen outside a building at Hammersmith.

Photograph by Sport and General.



IN PRE-PANTO. DAYS.

"With Boxing Day ahead, the Robinson Crusoes and Fairy Queens, the Wicked Uncles and Bold Bad Barons, are swotting at their parts."—Daily Paper.

woodbine and mild blasphemy whilst they wait for the directors of the Universe. Those who go down to the sea—of mud—in taxis discuss the prospects of the Election in characteristically flippant tone. None of them seems particularly anxious to vote, and none of them seems particularly curious as to what he is voting for. At length some privileged member of this very select concert party was called upon to make immediate and expedite progress through this world of surprises. And he was asked to take Mr. Arthur James Balfour with him. "E's a gentleman, an' e's always done wot e's been talkin' abaht," was the criticism passed by the modern Mercury, as he threw down his cigarette and got into the seat of the driver. This little scene was rather touching to me, because it supplied a sort of fading evidence of the regard in which the blessed and beautiful working class used to regard the base and brutal aristocrat who dared to rule over them. Of course, living in a time of change, I am prepared to see all things change. I am even prepared to see some posthumous taxi-cab driver express a

feeling of homage for Arthur Henderson or Philip Snowden. I am prepared, but I am not ready. I am ready for death first.

An Effective Electioneerer.

The bomb of peace having been hurled with sudden and terribly devastating effect upon Miss Elizabeth Asquith, she found herself bereft of bazaars and charitable matinées. This volatile and very intellectual young woman found herself in the position of being one of the "out-of-works"—through the war. So she picked up her morning papers and read through the news—there are sometimes advertisements in the political news for those who are anxious for employment—and discovered that an election had been suddenly forced upon a victorious and radiant nation, to make the people radiate even more strongly. Our little Elizabeth immediately went into her English Garden, and has since proved herself to be quite a shrewd and effective electioneerer.



UNITY!

The Fed-up Elector: "Well, thank the Lord, only one of 'em can get in."

An Easy Task?

She has made a

whole tour of election meetings, and quite a number of very effective election speeches. All sorts and conditions of hecklers have arisen and challenged Elizabeth on their native heath. As a matter of history, they have been generally worsted and sent away to join the company of disgruntled and discomfited folk. Miss Elizabeth has been enjoying her new experiences so much that she is almost prepared to forgive us the sudden banishment of the bazaars and the balls which were such an essential part of war work. "Father's done this for years, but I never knew until now how easy it is to talk people into your way of thinking," was the remark she made to a friend during the height of election week. Now I love comedy, and so do you. If we can't enjoy a really great comedy on the stage these days, why not let us enjoy the comedy of Miss Elizabeth fighting Mr. Asquith in his own constituency?



THE NEW CHIEF CONSTABLE OF THE CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT: MR. NORMAN KENDAL.

Mr. Kendal served as Lieutenant in the Cheshires, and was wounded on the Somme.

Photograph by Lafayette.



"FREE LANCE" OR FREE DAGGER. "Town Topics" has offered the use of one of its columns to the Bolshevik Party, who are without a weekly paper."—Daily Paper.

A "Lovely" Reception.

The Government side has also been very energetic in its appeal to the hopes and the aspirations of the new electorate. Mrs. Lloyd George returned from a most extensive tour very hoarse, and rather uncertain as to the sort of language she ought to use when she got to No. 10, Downing Street. I was there at the time with young Mr. Sutherland, who is apparently going to be a great Coalition Candidate himself, and ventured to ask the Prime Minister's wife how her first electioneering campaign had progressed. "I hardly know in which language I have been speaking," said Mrs. Lloyd George. "At some places I have talked in English, and at other places



"FIGHTING MAC": LT.-COL. CHARLES MELVILLE MACNAGHTEN.

After being wounded and sent home, Col. Macnaghten re-enlisted as a private and regained his old rank as Lt.-Col. and Brigadier (4th Australians).

Photograph by Farrington's Photo. Co.

in Welsh. It has all been rather difficult, and I am afraid at times that my thoughts have been rather mixed—but at any rate I am sure I have made my meaning clear. And my reception was lovely—yes, lovely everywhere." As an example of the feminine note in politics, I hope you will observe the fact that Mrs. Lloyd George was in no uncertainty as to the language in which she spoke the word "lovely."

His Sense of Humour.

I don't claim to be a particularly partial political friend of Mr. Asquith's, although I yield to no one in my admiration of him as a host, a states-

man—it is just like me that I should make a statesman second to a host—as a patriot, as a lawyer, and as a gentleman. But this little story that comes to me first-hand from the melting-pot of the election seems to me rather amusing, and, if you happen to know the "Old Man," rather characteristic of his later moods in life. After one of his most triumphant meetings—and he has had almost as many triumphant meetings as the "Little Welshman"—he was stopped outside the hall of a Northern constituency by a voter who, from his geniality and generally grimy appearance,

appeared to follow the eminently respectable and aspiring trade of a chimney-sweep. "Glad to shake yer by the 'and, Guv'nor," said the sweep; "but could yer tell me wot all this is about? Wot's all this election about?" "God knows—I don't," was the ex-Prime Minister's reply.

Woman is coming into her kingdom—or ought one to say "queendom"? Who would have imagined, even a year ago, that we should be seeing women standing for Parliament? War has wrought great changes in the world. If many of the women are successful at the election, the House of Commons may be known as the "House of Ladies," in

Women Candidates for Parliament.

opposition to the House of Lords. I am afraid I do not know very much about politics; but an M.P. friend—I mean a member of the last House of Commons—told me that the chances of some of the lady candidates are distinctly good. Of course, the most prominent of them all was Mrs. Despard, Lord French's sister, who stood for North Batter-

sea. She has always been an ardent supporter of the women's cause, and, as she is very keen on such questions as better housing and a living wage for the workers, I am not surprised that the working-class electors in that constituency think highly of her. (You see, I am already beginning to write like a politician.) Then there is Miss Christabel Pankhurst, the chief aim of whose life, as everyone knows, has been to become M.P. for Smethwick. She has been prominently before the public since 1906, and, even though you

may not agree with her, you must admit that she is a woman of considerable fascination. Mrs. Dacre-Fox, Mrs. How Martyn, and Mrs. Hope of Luffness (who was to oppose Mr. Asquith but withdrew her candidature) all worked very hard, and felt confident of their success.

War Work Continues.

The wails that are rising up on account of the demise of the war are not confined to the working classes who happen to be enjoying inflated wages and the additional excitement of the evening newspapers, which they bought blindly, without the inducement of stimulating placards. A friend of mine threw herself—when I say "threw" I mean what I am saying—into Lady Lymelyghte's boudoir the other day (the boudoir used to be called a "war-workers' parlour") and confessed in tears that she was sorry that she was alive. It appears that Lucile and Maison Lewis and a number of other patriots had concerted to provide her with a costume that would be bound to help us to win the war. "And now it's all over," cried our fair war-worker, as she wept on the black-silk pillow-case. We tried to console her with some substitute for eau-de-Cologne, and an assurance that Lady Diana Manners, Lady Kinnaird, and other prominent war women were not dead yet. They at least were bound to prove to the world that there was work to do for women in peace time as important as that in war.

Rumours.

Of course, you have all heard all sorts of things about the tragic death of poor Billie Carleton. Now I would like you to be wise in your generation, and to be as silent as possible about the rumours which are flying about town embroiling all sorts of well-known names in the horrible drug habit which has afflicted and destroyed so many young girls in the West End of London during the past five years. Some of the rumours may be true, but believe your "Uncle Worldling" that the majority



PRESIDENTIAL SMILES! PRESIDENT WILSON AND HIS WIFE.

Photograph by C.N.



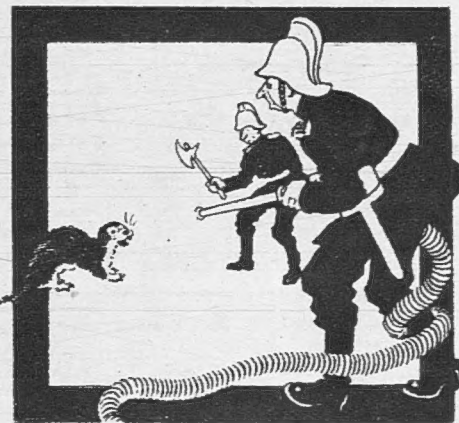
WELFARE SUPERVISOR AT A MUNITION FACTORY: THE HON. BARBARA PETRE. Miss Petre is a daughter of the 15th Lord Petre. She worked for 2½ years with the London Ambulance Column and was "mentioned."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR STUDYING PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FRONT: M. PAUL CAMBON AT THE GOUPIL GALLERIES.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



'OT WORK—FOR THE OTTER.

"An otter which strayed from the Thames was caught in the Isleworth Police Station. It is now a stuffed trophy there."—Daily Paper.



IT TICKLED THEM IMMENSELY.

"One of the candidates who was persistently heckled by a Scotsman finally rounded on his interrupter with—'Stop your heckling, Jock!'"

Daily Paper.

there is Miss Christabel Pankhurst, the chief aim of whose life, as everyone knows, has been to become M.P. for Smethwick. She has been prominently before the public since 1906, and, even though you



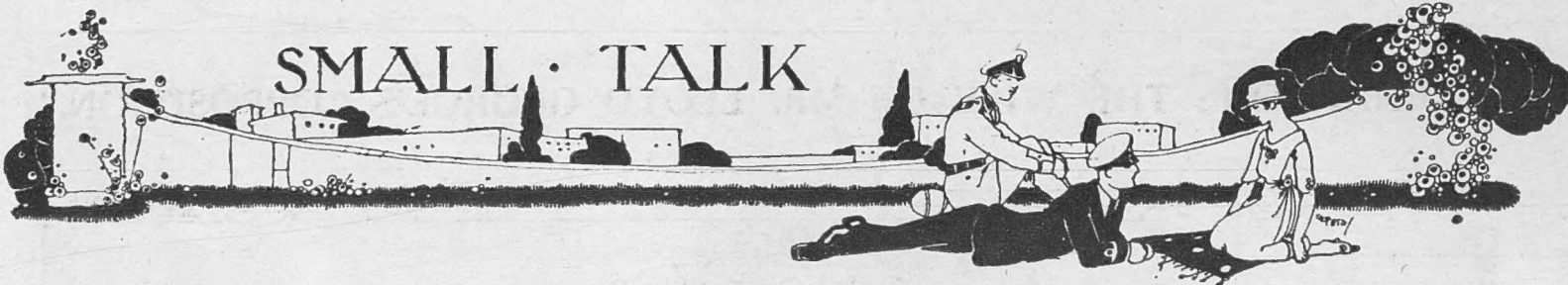
IN RHEIMS A YEAR AGO! MR. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER IN THE CELLARS OF THE DESTROYED HOTEL LION D'OR.

With Mr. Hedges Butler are seen the proprietress of the hotel, Madame Pfister, and some inhabitants who had their houses burnt by the Germans.

of them are not. Many innocent people's names have been taken in vain in regard to the Carleton tragedy outside the doors of the Coroner's Court.

THE WORLDLING.

SMALL TALK



LADY MAUD WARRENDER'S lovely voice, which has so often given so much pleasure and helped to swell the funds of deserving charities, is to be heard next Friday at the Palladium for the Christmas matinée in aid of the National Milk Hostels, of which Lady Maud is Chairman. The woman with a voice is not always the best judge of songs, but Lady Maud knows how to suit her songs to her audience—a gift which has more to do with their enjoyment than some people imagine. Probably the best compliment in this connection that was ever paid her was contributed by a one-armed warrior at Plymouth, who had evidently suffered from some philanthropist more kind-hearted than wise. "Some ladies who sing to us," he remarked wearily, "think we care only for songs from revues, but they are tragically wrong. Lady Maud brings us quite other sentiments, and better music, too." Lady Maud, by the way, could, if she chose, give some interesting details of what it felt like to be the guest of the German Emperor. She accompanied her husband as the guest of the Kaiser to the Kiel Regatta in 1914.



ENGAGED: MISS PHYLLIS BLANCHE PARKER.

Miss Phyllis Parker, whose engagement to Colonel R. H. Hore, C.M.G., Royal Air Force, is announced, is the younger daughter of the Hon. Frank and Mrs. Parker, of Wilton House, Eaton Square, S.W.

Photograph by Bassano.

Like Old Times. Pre-war gaiety and, generally speaking, pre-war dress was the keynote of the great Jewel Fund Doll Show at Sunderland House last week. The Duchess of Marlborough's London home still shelters an American official department, to whose members, strictly speaking, rather than to her Grace the promoters of the "swankiest" doll show on record were indebted for the permission that gave the house a chance of once more living up to its philanthropic reputation. American Government departments are quite human organisations. Unnoticed by most of the crowd, a group of "tempy" lady clerks enjoyed the show from the musicians' gallery above the ball-room, which dancers used to find difficult to negotiate on account of its length. The dolls were lovely; whether they will find favour as toys is another matter, but they did their level best to raise dolls

back to the high place in the world of art they once occupied. Personally, I found Mrs. Christopher Lowther as interesting as anyone or anything there. I am still wondering as to the practical uses of a fur coat without sleeves, such as she was wearing on the opening day.

Whom the Gods Love. Everyone who knew him is

sorry that Cecil Chesterton has died of illness contracted at the front; the only consolation is that he lived long enough to see the victory he had battled for by the pen as well as the rifle. Cecil Chesterton, brother of the more famous "G. K.," was above all a crusader, and saw Germans and the "servile state" everywhere. Beginning his

political education with the Fabian Society, he afterwards followed the lead of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and was the fiercest of all who attacked the Party system and the evidences of what they considered political corruption. No man could state mutually destructive propositions with more entire earnestness and eloquence. It is a great pity that he has died so young; it would have been most interesting to see him "old and formal," if he could ever have reached that stage. His widow, "J. K. Prothero," has the sympathy of a very wide circle of friends and admirers.

Marshal Haig's Return.

There is a good deal of discussion as to the reception of Sir Douglas Haig, who comes over just before Christmas. He has deserved well of the nation, and its debt should be warmly acknowledged. The crowd will at any rate express its feelings, if it has any chance to do so. It is not, perhaps, well known that Sir Douglas is a personal friend of the ex-Empress Eugénie, who has followed the movements of the Marshal with untiring interest, and is longing to give him in person her congratulations on his part in the reversal of the verdict of 1870. At ninety-five the Empress feels the triumph of France as keenly as if it had happened within ten years of Sedan.



TO MARRY LIEUT. R. G. DAVIS: MISS THEA PETERSEN. Miss Thea Petersen is the eldest daughter of Herr Martin Petersen, of Aarhus, and niece of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Latham, 38, Portland Place. Lieutenant R. G. Davis, I.A.R.O., is the son of Mr and Mrs. Fred Davis, of Hangmoor, Virginia Water.

Photograph by Bassano.

Mr. Wilson and the Germans.

When one reads that Mr. Wilson has refused an invitation to visit Germany, one wonders whether, after all, Germans will ever understand other people's mentality. They seem entirely unable to appreciate the frame of mind which exists in the Allied countries, and especially the attitude of the American people. The American may have his sentimental side, but he is hardly the sort of man one would consider an "easy proposition," to use his own language. Yet the German is perfectly convinced that in any battle of wits between him

and the "idiotic Yankee" the advantage will be on his side. Surely there was never a more signal example of the triumph of hope over experience.

Byronic and Ironic. A very brave recipient of the V.C. went straight with his decoration from the Palace to a party of friends. Somebody condoled with him on the leg which was a part of the price. "Oh, that's the best of it," he said; "if I go into the wars again, I can't run away"! Everybody thought the witticism excellent, but the gallant speaker would probably have been surprised to hear that Lord Byron, when he was starting for a Grecian battlefield, pointed to his club-foot and said: "How fortunate I am to be unable to run away!"



NOW A BRIDE: MISS PHYLLIS KELLER. Miss Phyllis Evelyn Keller, who was married on Nov. 12 to Captain Dennis George Murray, R.A.F., son of Lady Mary and Professor Gilbert Murray, of Oxford, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Keller, of Hampstead.

Photograph by Swaine.



AN ASSIDUOUS WAR-WORKER: MRS. MEREDITH F. WREN.

Mrs. Meredith F. Wren has, throughout the war, been closely associated with, and much interested in, war-work, in Southsea and Portsmouth.

Photograph by Swaine.

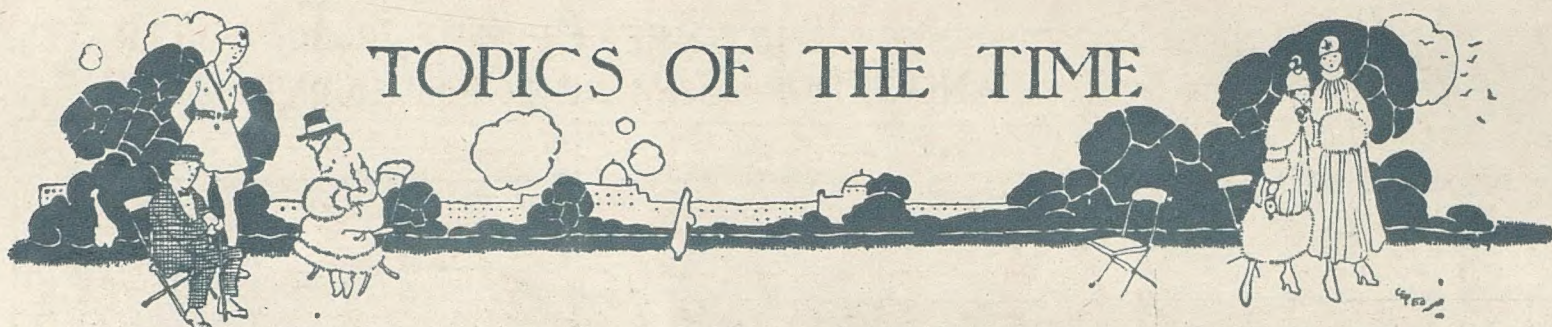
CARNARVON: THE WIFE OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S "OPPOSITION."



WIFE OF THE INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE FOR CARNARVON: MRS. AUSTIN HARRISON.

Mr. Austin Harrison (Ind.), who decided, more or less at the eleventh hour, to oppose "D. Lloyd George (Co. L.)" at the Election, standing for Carnarvon, is a son of Mr. Frederic Harrison, and became Editor of the "English Review" in 1910. Amongst his publications are "The

Pan-Germanic Doctrine"; "England and Germany"; "The Kaiser's War"; and many and various articles for the Reviews. Mrs. Harrison, whom he married in 1914, was Mary Medora Greening, of the United States.—[Photograph by Lambert.]



YOU and I are wondering what to give her—or him—at Christmas. Personally, I favour the "useful present"; and so does Daphne, but with the characteristically feminine qualification: "I am all-fours up for the useful that is ornamental."

Think not, because in Gerald's tie you see no jewel iridescent, his best-beloved has passed him by without the usual Christmas present. Maybe his idol of romance is daughter of a country rector, and that her gift is woollen pants, augmented by a chest-protector!

Think not, because on Daphne's wrist you see no gem's prismatic beauty, her best-beloved has gone and missed his sacred seasonable duty. Maybe her special pet of pets (who touched no Age of Mrs. Grundies) has given her a dozen sets of absolutely scrumptious undies!

They are calling that family the *Hohenzollands* now!

I once survived the terrors of a blood-curdling drama called "The Face at the Window." That, and perhaps Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with it, represented, until a few days ago, the uttermost intensity of my dreamland horrors. But my imagination has since been haunted by another face at the window—the face of the ex-Kaiser, as he sits writing, writing all day long, up in that lodging of his (hourly becoming more and more insecure)



WITH THE HERTFORDSHIRE FOXHOUNDS: MR. PERCIVAL B. GRIFFITHS AND MRS. FRANK WATSON, WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWERS.

Photograph by S. and G.

within the tragic walls of Count Bentinck's castle; and the dramas to which I have alluded become light comedies by comparison!

If eyes be windows to the soul, some windows it were best to screen—thickly, lest through some chink or hole too much were seen!

There are two windows framed in one I would not look into for gold, though it were scattered in the sun ungrudged, untold!

He who were bold enough to peep would find a hell of millions slain—would find the nightmare of the deep—and lose his brain!

Muffins and crumpets are coming in again. Good! And better than merely good if the dear old bell of the Muffin Man were permitted to return with them! When I lived near the Temple I so much preferred the sound of the muffin-bell on Sundays to that of the Law Courts clock! The clock heralded nothing but the tragic



WITH THE HERTFORDSHIRE FOXHOUNDS AT KINGSBOURNE GREEN: CAPTAIN HARRISON, THE ACTING MASTER.

Photograph by S. and G.

flight of time. But the muffin-bell had, as it were, something delicious to eat at the end of its tongue!

Dear Muffin Man, with tray of treasure, baize apron, and a "ting-a-ring," I welcome you with boundless pleasure—you and the memories you bring!

With everybody blowing trumpets, their virtues to the world to tell, surely we might allow your crumpets the humble herald of a bell?

"What shall we wear in the sky?" the girls are beginning to ask. Gertrude Bacon, the well-known woman aeronaut, warns them against ribbons and laces and floating scarves, and other "loose ends," and, in advising the essentials of warmth and compactness as contained in a feminine variation of the style adopted by "the boys," insists upon these as the most becoming as well as the most practical.

And so says the frontispiece to *The Sketch* Christmas Number! Gertrude Bacon might search the world over, and then in vain, for a better illustration to her "Clothes for Clouds" remarks in the *Chronicle* than that of the pretty little frontispiece of goods (if Miss Fay Compton will allow that) who is smiling out "The Best Wishes to You" from a perfect duck of a nest of wool, leather, and astrachan!

What will you wear in the sky to-night, oh, Daphne, my dove? What will you wear when we fly to-night beyond the above? Any old thing might be well allowed, far as we'll be from the gaping crowd! Why not the mists of a fleecy cloud, Daphne, my love?

Haply the mists would be hardly warm as when it was June. What if there came a tremendous storm, and snowflakes were strewn? Then there's a point we must not forget; mists are translucent, as well as wet! What, my dear, if we suddenly met the Man in the Moon?

A. B. M.

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YOUNG ENGLAND: THE COMING GENERATION.



1. SON OF LADY MARY CRICHTON: THE HON. DAVID CRICHTON.
3. HEIR TO A WELL-KNOWN PEER: THE HON. THOMAS DENMAN.

2. HEIR TO A VISCOUNT: THE HON. WILLIAM FEILDING.
4. SECOND SON OF A PEER: THE HON. GEOFFREY BROWNE.

It is not too much to say that in the condition of world politics, now that the war is won, the coming generation is of even more than ordinary interest, when they represent the future holders of important social positions. Our photographs represent the Hon. David Crichton, son of the Hon. George Crichton, uncle of the present Earl of Erne, who is eleven years old.—

The Hon. William Feilding is the eldest of the three sons of Viscount Feilding, and was born in 1912.—The Hon. Thomas Denman is the son and heir of the third Baron Denman, P.C., formerly of the Royal Scots, and Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, 1911-14.—The Hon. Geoffrey Browne is the 2nd son of Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

THE trouble about *mondanités* is that one has so appallingly little time to be *mondainé* in these days. And it takes time, doesn't it, especially when the hair hasn't got a natural wave? It was all very well for the industrious chronicler whom Our Only Caricaturist once caught "noting zealously, for the benefit of readers of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, and for the delectation of Thackeray in Elysium, the fact that Lord So-and-So was among those who were out and about in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly this morning, and that he was looking the picture of health." As a matter of fact, the old thing had a delightfully easy job, because that was—let me see now—in 1911 (ages ago, you know—the year that Granny put her hair up). In those dear dull days beyond recall nobody did anything in particular; and they all made an absolute rule of doing it inside the Charing Cross cab radius, anyway. But now—*tempora mutantur* and *nous avons changé tout cela*, and so forth. Really, if the poor fellow started in again in the neighbourhood of now, he would be worn to a shadow, because it would no longer be a question of just keeping his eye glued to the corner of Jermyn Street, but he would have to keep a sharp lookout on Madrid and Alexandria and the purlieus of the Eagle Hut. The trouble is that They have all got so dreadfully scattered. Some of Them are still being photographed outside base hospitals in France, and others are coaxing movie operators to click to them—wards in the grimmer East Coast ports where the prisoners of war put in to land.

This Peace business seems to have made it worse than ever; someone will really have to say something to the League of Nations about it if it goes on like this.

Bright young Brigadiers plane briskly from Thanet to the outskirts of Jerusalem before the ink is dry on the paragraphs about their first lunch at the Berkeley; and everybody else that matters seems to be buying high hats and asking the way from the Gare du Nord to the Hôtel Majestic (the view from the upper windows you will find admirable, and your entertainment will come a shade cheaper than the last time I was there, because the hard-hearted Direc-

tion of those days used to send in the bill to the happy visitor instead of posting it, as now, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to be defrayed out of the Income Tax that the war bonusees don't pay). Meanwhile, we seem to be getting on with the Peace in all directions. Lots of people seem to be Going

Somewhere for Christmas once more, and jolly little parties keep making a dash for Spain just to show those neutrals that there isn't a war on at the moment.

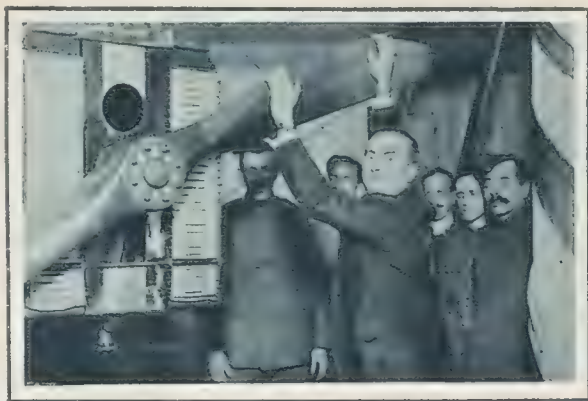
But if there isn't a real war, with maroons and eightpenny eggs, there is a loud noise in the middle distance called a General Election that is nearly as bad. Long-haired old gentlemen (why do all our statesmen eschew the scissor?) dash wildly in all directions, and catch their death of cold through standing on platforms in the awful draughts created by the frantic cheers of their supporters. The air is stiff with Men Who Won the War (in bundles, suitable for distribution in schools,) and blameless persons with long and honourable records in public life are telling the most shocking untruths about their heartfelt, if long-suppressed, enthusiasm for the soundness, the shrewdness—nay, ladies and gentlemen, the infallibility of the new lady electors. And they may be right. Wasn't there once an Electress Sophia who got the goods for George I.?

But there are some silences that want breaking. What, in the general confusion, Pandemonium, and *Gottterdammerung* of the last four years, has become of our Max, whose stainless name was almost spoilt for him by that dreary Baden Prince with the Peace Note habit? Where are those eyelashes, that hair, those boot-buttons? Is it after writing his brother's biography he would be (aren't we looking after the Irish vote in this constituency?), or is he for caricaturing more and more Pre-Raphaelites for Mrs. Charles Hunter to make us all jealous of at the next International? It is really time that he sharpened his pen, dipped it in his own delightful brand of

gall, and told us the truth about the war. How many years is it since one last went to a Max show in Leicester Square, and had to turn round before one giggled at a distorted Peer to make certain that the poor old thing wasn't snorting with rage down one's back?

And isn't the best pantomime of all to be Mr. Arnold Bennett in full bloom as what poor John Davidson used to call a Theocrat? You remember how the "Card" burst on London in the Regent Theatre. So his creator is coming upon

us as a theatrical *impresario* from the Five Towns. The best of luck to him! At any rate, the master's ties and shirts (*ciel*, those tucks!) will set an excellent example to the company. Subject for historical picture: Mr. Arnold Bennett in after years, wearing a moleskin waistcoat and saying "Laddie."



A TROPHY INDEED! THE PROPELLER OF THE FIRST BRITISH SCOUT 'PLANE TO CROSS THE RHINE BEING SWUNG BY MR. GEORGE ROBEY.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.



ABOUT TO WAIT ON REPATRIATED PRISONERS OF WAR: A GROUP AT LONDON BRIDGE STATION.

In the group are seen Lord Farquhar, acting for the Duke of Connaught; Lady de Trafford; Mrs. Norrie; Lady Cotes, Lady Sarah Wilson; Lady Katharine Somerset; and Mrs. Guthrie Sterling.

Photograph by Topical.

FANCY DRESS—AND FANCY FEATHERS: A FAMOUS DANCER.



AN OBJECT-LESSON IN THE ART OF WEARING FANCY DRESS: NEW PORTRAITS OF MRS. VERNON CASTLE.

Fancy dress, to be effective, needs to be worn with an appropriate air. It is not enough merely to don fantastic garments. The character represented must also be studied, and likewise the art known to Mr. Turveydrop as that of "deportment." That worthy would hardly be

the best mentor, perhaps, for the modern devotees of fancy dress. The feminine among them who wish to shine could not do better than study the methods of Mrs. Vernon Castle, who is seen here as she appeared at the recent Victory Ball.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

ONE OF "US": LEE WHITE PRESENTS



IN THE NEW SONG SHOW AT THE

Miss Lee White presents "Us," at the Ambassadors', and is her own charming leading lady. Her chief *aide* is her husband, Mr. Clay Smith; and there are also to help her Mr. Bob Cory, Betty, Mr. Bert Coote, Mr. Monte Wolfe, Mr. Gerald Valentine, Mr. Billy Wells, Miss "Tommy" Clancy, and the

HERSELF, HER HUSBAND — AND OTHERS.



AMBASSADORS': MISS LEE WHITE.

Eclair Twins. Miss White sings "The Meaning of U.S.A."; "That's How I Lost Him"; "Some Day, 1914"; and "Some Day, 1918"; "Her Fourteen Points"; "Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia"; "He's Coming Home"; and other songs.—[Photographs specially taken by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

THE WAR ; POLITICS ; AND SOCIETY : LADIES WHO



A CHARMING AMERICAN :
MRS. RIDER.



WIFE OF A COALITION CANDIDATE : LADY BETHELL.



AWARDED THE C.B.E. : THE HON.
MRS. EDWARD FITZROY.



SISTER-IN-LAW OF A FAMOUS ADMIRAL : MRS. VANDY BEATTY.



WIFE OF A POPULAR OFFICER :
LADY RACHEL VERNEY.



CANVASSING FOR HER HUSBAND : THE HON.
MRS. CLIVE MORRISON-BELL.



TAKING THE PLACE OF A MASTER OF FOXHOUNDS :
MRS. RALPH LUBBOCK.

Mrs. Rider is an American lady who has made her home in England, and is working at the Coulter Hospital for Wounded Officers.—The Hon. Mrs. Edward Fitzroy is the wife of the Hon. Edward A. Fitzroy, brother of Lord Southampton. He was wounded in the war. Mrs. Fitzroy was awarded the C.B.E. for her services as Head of the General Services Section of Joint Women's V.A.D. Department of the British Red Cross Society.—The Hon. Mrs. Clive Morrison-Bell is conducting the campaign for her husband in the Honiton Division of Devon.—Lady Henry Seymour is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Henry Seymour, who has been awarded a Bar to his D.S.O.—Mrs. Hector Greenfield, whose marriage to Captain Hector Greenfield took place recently, is a daughter of Sir Henry E. Dering, and the widow of Captain Rupert A. Conant Murray, who was killed in action in 1915.—The Hon. Mrs. Charles Lambton is the wife of Brigadier-General the Hon. Charles Lambton, D.S.O., a brother

ARE IN THE NEWS AND MOVEMENTS OF THE DAY.



RECENTLY MARRIED: MRS.
HECTOR GREENFIELD.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER:
LADY HENRY SEYMOUR.



WIFE OF A D.S.O.: HON. MRS.
CHARLES LAMBTON.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN
OFFICER: MRS. A. L. BON-
HAM-CARTER.



A KEEN HUNTSMAN: MRS. LOGAN
KIDSTON.

A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN LADY:
MRS. W. G. STONE.

WIFE OF A CANDIDATE: LADY
WORTHINGTON EVANS.

of the Earl of Durham.—Mrs. Vandy Beatty is the wife of the well-known trainer, and sister-in-law of the famous Admiral, Sir David Beatty.—Mrs. Bonham-Carter is the wife of Captain A. L. Bonham-Carter, King's Royal Rifle Corps.—Lady Bethell is the wife of Sir John Bethell, Coalition Candidate for East Ham N.—Lady Rachel Verney is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Harry Verney, Liberal Candidate for Buckingham. Lady Verney was, before her marriage, Lady Rachel Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Elgin.—Mrs. Ralph Lubbock is the wife of Captain Lubbock, R.F.A., and takes her place at the head of the North Hereford Fox-Hounds, in the place of her brother-in-law, Major F. Logan Kidston, A.S.C.—Mrs. Logan Kidston is the wife of Major Logan Kidston, A.S.C.—Mrs. W. G. Stone is the wife of Captain Stone, King's African Rifles.—Lady Worthington Evans is the wife of the Coalition Unionist Candidate for Colchester.

No. 6, by E. O. Hoppe; Nos. 8 and 13, by Swaine; Nos. 11 and 12, by Compton Collier; No. 14, by Lafayette.



GOSSIP ON CELEBRITIES—ROSTAND AND RÉCAMIER.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")



AND so Rostand has lived—he personally, for his works shall live always. He was our greatest modern poet. He represented *l'esprit français* at its subtlest and sunniest. It was a shock to me to read in one of his obituary notices the list of his works with "Cyrano de Bergerac" omitted! "Cyrano," which was his masterpiece—the play which pointed to Paris the existence of a new genius in our midst. Cyrano was a second Don Quixote. Like him, he was a Southerner; like him, an idealist; like him, unhappy in his love, ridiculous and magnificent, proud and pathetic. But Cyrano was not a parody of Don Quixote—indeed, the Gascon gentleman did exist, and, according to the chronicler, was a keen swordsman and a redoubtable wit. I doubt very much, though, if the original Cyrano would have been capable of the pearls of wit and wisdom which Rostand put on the lips of Cyrano the hero of the play. In fact, the one fault of Rostand's plays—"Cyrano," "Chantecler," "La Princesse Lointaine," "L'Aiglon," even the lesser "Les Romanesques"—is that they are too good for the stage, in spite of their spectacular qualities. They are works to read, relish, and cherish for the felicity of the phrases, the original imagery, the splendour, the selection of words, the tenderness which never was tiresome, the satire that ever was subtle, the *panache* which always escaped vulgarity.

As for Rostand the man, it is surprising that he lived to be fifty, for, if ever the gods loved a man and showed it, Rostand was he. All the things that make us think life good were his—a beautiful wife (Rosemonde Gerard, herself a talented poet), two handsome and clever young sons, fame, fortune, a fairyland castle near Spain, a wonderful home which the most famous artists of the day had embellished with paintings and sculptures, gardens filled with lilies (the favourite flowers of the poet), and, to make all this seem sweeter, the envy of many who, like the toads in his "Chantecler," could not sing like the nightingale, but could spit at him!

In his lily-embazoned garden Rostand dreamed his plays. Pad and pencil in hand, he would walk the perfumed paths, subconsciously imbibing the ambient beauty while wonderful words would form marvellous images on the paper. But the poet was so impatient and critical with himself that many were the pages torn from the pad, crumpled, and thrown on the path as unworthy. Then Rosemonde, following the Master at a distance, would carefully pick up the despised sentences, smooth them, and put them on Rostand's desk. Reading them over later, the poet would think better of them and incorporate them in his play. Many things of beauty were thus preserved for us by his wife's vigilance.

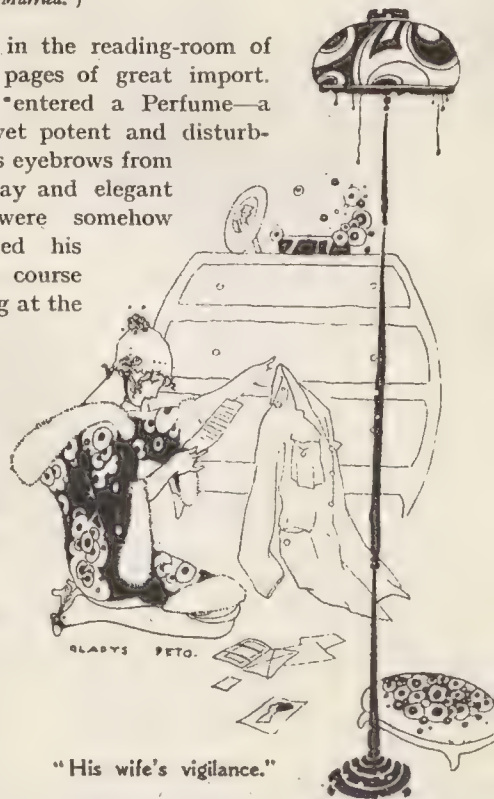
Still gossiping on celebrities, let me tell you of an echo of the Victory Ball which amused me. It is an authentic little anecdote concerning a famous French actress whose delicious name graphically expresses her personality. One of my "yous"—a French one this time—was, a few

days before the Victory Ball, in the reading-room of the British Museum perusing pages of great import. Suddenly in the austere room entered a Perfume—a Presence—something elusive, yet potent and disturbing. My "you" raised curious eyebrows from his big book, and beheld a gay and elegant apparition whose features were somehow familiar. He mentally rubbed his eyes. Could it be? No, of course not! What could She be doing at the British Museum? It must be an hallucination; he, no doubt, had been thinking too much about the charming artist, and now she haunted him. Yet the vision seemed vastly alive. Indeed, Mademoiselle, noticing the French uniform of the "you," approached him, and, with enchanting diffidence, said "Pardon, Monsieur, but I see we are compatriots, and perhaps you will be good enough to help me." The "you" bowed deeply, and answered fervently that he was at Mademoiselle's service. "Comme c'est gentil!" said Mademoiselle. "Well, I want a book, many books, on Madame Récamier. You see, I am going to a ball dressed as Mme. Récamier, and I want to give a perfect reproduction of the lady. For this purpose, a knowledge of the character is imperative."

"Have you filled up forms?" asked the "you." "Forms—no; I want ze books quick—I have only a few minutes. You tell me all about Mme. Récamier!" The Frenchman shrugged in despair. "I am afraid no description of mine could help you much. But why not get inspiration from the famous portrait of Mme. Récamier? Any art shop has reproductions of the picture." "Une idée épatante!"

said Mademoiselle with enthusiasm. "Do, Monsieur, be still more amiable; be my guide, counsellor, and friend—come with me and show me the picture." Who could resist the Del-icious One? (I was almost letting her name slip out!) They all—for her dressmaker was with her—entered her beautiful and beatific car, were driven to a shop where artists' materials are found, there bought a postcard, the reproduction of the well-known portrait, and this is how was evolved and carried out one of the most striking characters in the gorgeousest costume ball of the season.

It was Miss Erica Beale who produced the new fantasia, "Stepping-Stones," in the Winter Garden at the Savoy Fair. The period was Empire to crinoline; and amongst those taking part were Lady Moss, appearing with Claude Bailey in the Married Episode; Lady Muir Mackenzie and Lady William Williams; and Lady Hewitt,



"His wife's vigilance."



"Unhappy in his love."

"A NAUGHTY WIFE" RE-DRESSED—AT THE PLAYHOUSE.



IN HER NEW FROCKS: MISS GLADYS COOPER AS ELOISE FARRINGTON.

All playgoers know that, while Eloise Farrington, the heroine of that very amusing and successful play, "The Naughty Wife," at the Playhouse, was not so naughty as one might suppose from the title of the comedy, Miss Gladys Cooper makes of her a most fascinating character, whose instinctive rebellion when she is brought into association

with the would-be gay Lothario, Darrell McKnight, is foredoomed to end in disillusionment. Happily for her, and for the humour and charm of the play, her husband is a man of the world in the best sense, and shapes his own course, with the well-known tact and charm which Mr. Charles Hawtrey invariably shows, so that catastrophe is avoided.

Photographs by Rita Martin.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



MOST of us will agree with Arnold Bennett that "the supreme offence against life lies in taking refuge from it"; but some offenders may get off on a plea of extenuating circumstances. In a sense, Swinburne ran away from life and took refuge in literature; and through the latter half of his existence



A RED CROSS COOK: MISS CECILY D'EYNCOURT.

Miss Cecily Lovett d'Eyncourt is the only daughter of Sir Eustace Tennyson d'Eyncourt, and has been working in France as a cook for the Red Cross. Sir Eustace is Director of Naval Construction, Admiralty 1912, and Principal Technical Adviser for War-ship Design, Admiralty, 1917.—[Photo. Elliott and Fry.]

Watts Dunton stood sentry to prevent life from getting in at him again. But there were extenuating circumstances in his case. The letters gathered into "The Letters of Swinburne" were written before he entered upon that seclusion; and with him even then, as Mr. Gosse says, "the strongest impulsion came from literature, and mainly from poetical literature." He writes to his correspondents about books, especially about the Elizabethan dramatists. His criticism of Meredith is as true as it is devastating. He writes of his own books and contributions to the Press, and is fiercely determined to get their full monetary value. There is scarcely a glimmer of humour in his poetry, but his letters often bubble over with it. He rages, with appalling invective, against those who displease him; discusses technical and scholarly matters joyously and "with the ardour of a schoolboy."

The general notion is that people never take the advice they get for nothing, but use the sort they pay for—if only because they like to have their money's-worth. There is, however, an essay in the newest of Arnold Bennett's admirable "Pocket Philosophies"

which relates how, at a charity war-sale, a young lady recognised him and said, "I thought I ought to tell you about all those little books of yours about life, and improving oneself, and being efficient, and not wasting time, and so on. They're very nice to read, but they've never done me any good—practically. . . . I want to succeed in life. You tell me to make up my mind, steel myself, resolve, stick to it, and so forth. Well, I just can't." Before he could think of an answer she vanished in the crowd; and, though he subsequently explained exactly why it was her own fault, she was not present at the time, and therefore has missed the very advice that might have done her good, unless by now she has spent another three shillings and read it in this book. The prevailing quality of all the essays is their shrewd, tonic common-sense; and one of the wisest of them is that on "Running Away from Life"—a weakness to which Mr. Bennett thinks women are particularly subject. But men are far from free from it, and a brilliant little sketch in Hugh MacCartan's delightful "Silhouettes" tells of one such man. The timorous John Winter might have known the joy of Romeo, of D'Artagnan, of Quixote. . . . "Life was an open book on which he could have written what he willed; but he had been content to inscribe in it only the poor little story of a quiet suburban street where nothing happened, a loveless room with its easy chair and books containing other men's

experiences, the morning visit to the office and the evening home-coming—life surveyed with dull eyes from the top of a tramcar." He resolved to leave Suburbia and live, but began too late; and a little experience drove him back to put on his old habits and commit himself "with renewed devotion to the security of Routine."

What was it but the fear of life that made the shy little country maid, Edith Griffith, "The Girl with No Proposals," afraid of love? She shrank from the idea of marriage, and ran away from life in such a panic that only when a second man proposed to her did she realise that she loved the first, and then, instead of still running away, she had either to run after him or lose him.

Thomas, on the other hand, had no fear of life. You know that if you know the book which bore nothing but his name; and you will know it if you read the sequel to that, "Thomas Settles Down." Here he is married, with a fair-sized family, and the tale of how he went about to have a house built for himself is the most whimsically humorous thing I have enjoyed since I read "Thomas." It isn't all funny—it isn't all meant to be; and there was an occasion when Thomas ran away from life, but that was because there was a widow in it, and she was rather a naughty widow, and he remembered he was a respectable married man. He didn't remember that till half-past the eleventh hour, but this did not prevent him from being self-



A GREAT BOAT-BUILDER:

MR. S. E. SAUNDERS, O.B.E.

Mr. Samuel Saunders, of Cowes, I.W., has been well known to yachtsmen, and all interested in high-speed power-craft, for the last twenty years, as a great boat-builder. He is famous for his system of veneers in three or four layers, sewn together with copper wire, instead of the conventional riveted planking.

righteous and doing violent things when a church-warden came philandering after Mrs. Thomas.

Nor did Edgar Jepson's Michael do any of that running away. He had been rich, but when his uncle tricked him out of a fortune he qualified as a taxi-driver, and in taxi No. "L.2002" he drove into the thick of life, and found enough excitement and sensation to satisfy the most adventurous. He had a charming sister, Betty, to keep house for him; and on the floor above them lived a pretty girl who turned out to be a lady detective. No; for all his lameness Michael certainly did not take refuge from life. He ran after it, and it ran after him, and the result is a capital story.

But for whole-hearted joy in life, and all the colour

and romance of it, you will not easily beat the hero of "When Youth Went Riding." He is another Michael, but Sir Michael, a gallant young knight, the last of his line, inspired by ancient legends.

BOOKS TO READ.

The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas J. Wise. (Heinemann.)

Self and Self-Management. By Arnold Bennett. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Silhouettes. By Hugh A. MacCartan. (Dublin: Thomas Kiersey.)

The Girl With No Proposals. By Marjory Royce. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Thomas Settles Down. By H. B. Creswell. (Nisbet.)

"L.2002." By Edgar Jepson. (Hutchinson.)

When Youth Went Riding. By C. E. Lawrence. (Collins.)



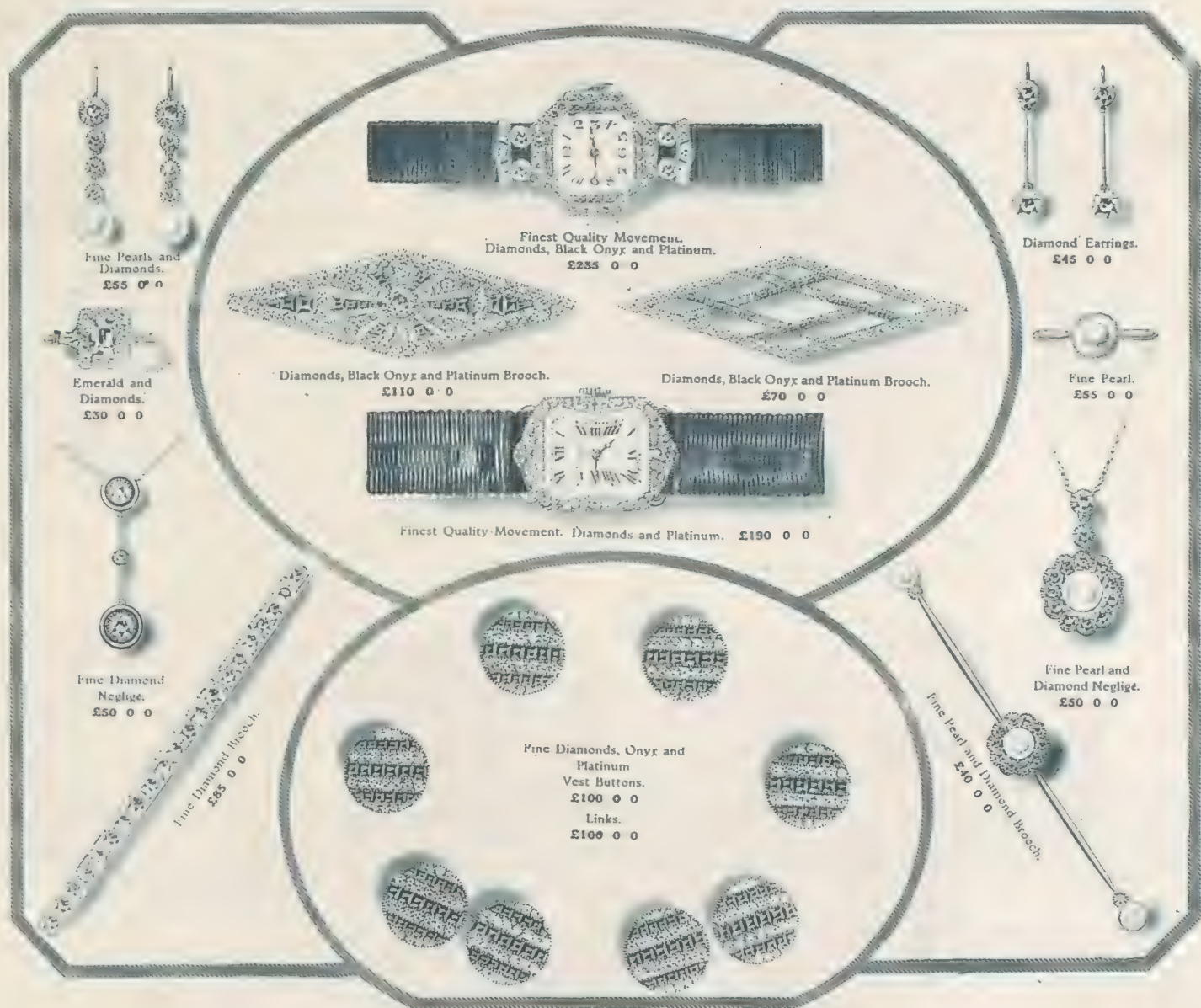
IN THE KITCHENER HOUSE HOSPITAL: GENERAL WIGGIN, THE DIRECTOR, READING TO PATIENTS.

Valuable work is being done in the Kitchener House Hospital for Wounded Officers, in Grosvenor Place. In it officers have the benefit of lectures and demonstrations to enable them to take special positions in science and industry on their return to civil life.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



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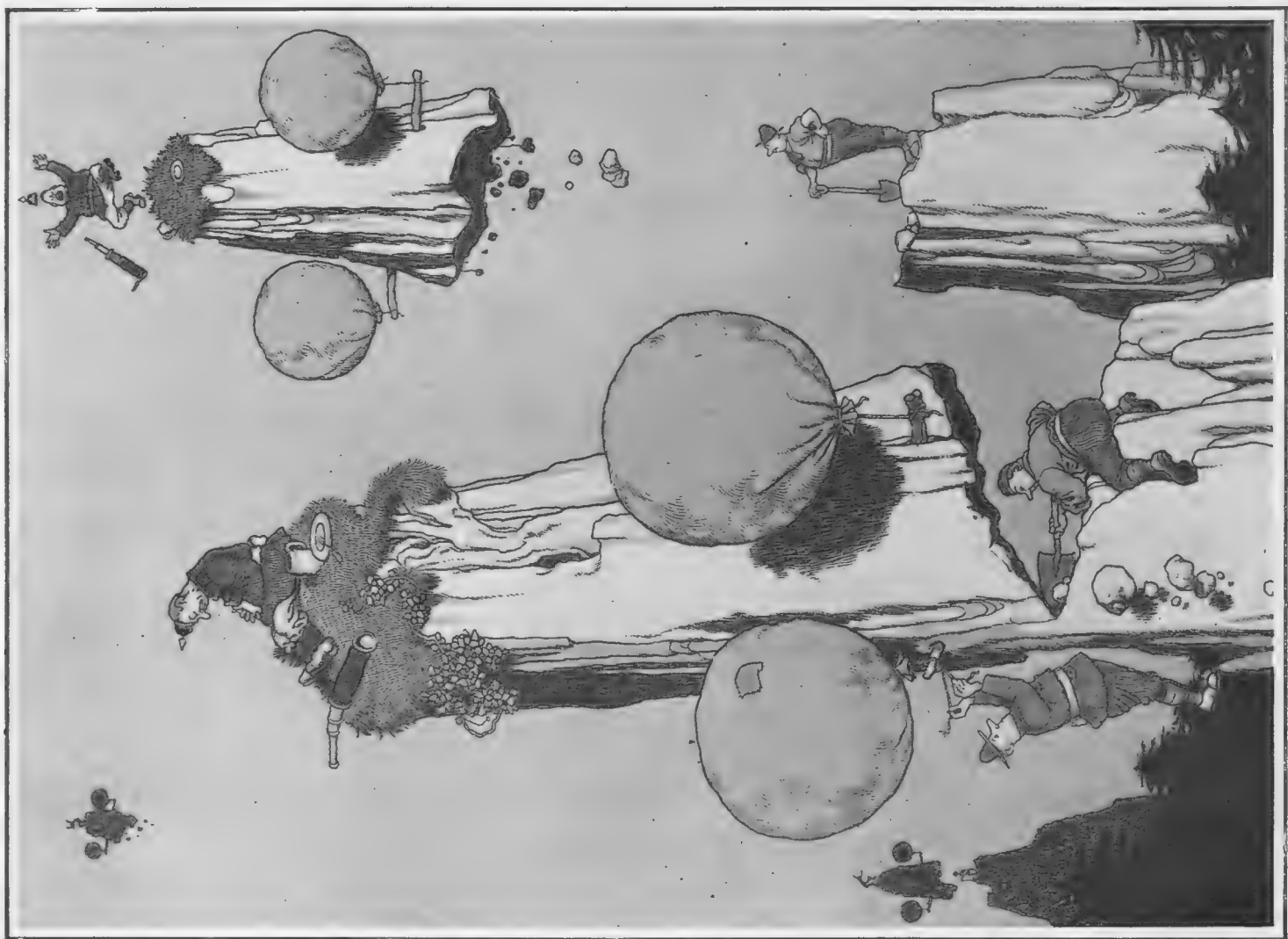
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ROBINSON IMAGINES AMERICA IN THE FIELD ! III.— ENEMY OBSERVATION - POSTS
REMOVED WITH DESPATCH.

DRAWINGS BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)



ROBINSON IMAGINES AMERICA IN THE FIELD ! IV.— A MESMERIC BARRAGE
CRUMPLING UP AN ENEMY ATTACK.

THE FLOWING TIDE OF PELMANISM.

10,000 ENROLMENTS IN A MONTH!

"PEACE, PELMANISM, AND PROSPERITY."

The coming of Peace has given a tremendous impetus to the Pelman movement.

Within a single month ten thousand men and women have enrolled for a Pelman Course!

"Peace, Pelmanism, and Prosperity" is, in effect, the national watchword of the day. Thousands who have hitherto been prevented from taking it up are now hastening to begin their study of Pelmanism, which, during the strenuous war years, has proved of such enormous help to business and professional success.

Many big firms are enrolling their employees *en masse*: one famous business house has just enrolled 165 members of its staff.

Every enrolment is made with a definite aim. To gain a bigger salary or a better position; to increase efficiency, to economise time and work; to develop more ability; to broaden experience, and to make learning easy—whatever the object may be, Pelmanism never fails to prove its value. There is no man or woman, in fact, who has conscientiously studied "the little grey books" without deriving benefit: the most popular phase being exemplified by the hundreds who have reported 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and even 300 per cent. increases of salary as a direct consequence of Pelmanising.

The evidence for Pelmanism is freely open to everyone to examine, and will be sent to any reader who applies to-day to the address given below.

SALARY DOUBLED IN 3 MONTHS.

REMARKABLE LETTERS.

There is only one way of judging Pelmanism, and that is by results. In the records of the Institute there are many thousands of letters reporting the most remarkable "benefits" ever recorded; benefits so substantial and so direct that they speak more plainly than volumes of argument could do. A few extracts are given hereunder from some of these letters.

From Bristol a Pelmanist writes:

"After taking up Pelmanism for about three months I was offered a very high post in the firm in which I am employed. This advancement, which doubled my salary (which was not inconsiderable before), I attribute entirely to Pelmanism."

The foregoing is typical of, literally, hundreds of letters, some of which tell of incomes trebled and even quadrupled as a result of Pelmanism. These letters are not asked for; they are sent of the writers' free will. Pelmanists are only too ready to acknowledge the vast good they have derived from the Course.

Here is another letter from a journalist, who had only got as far as Lesson 4 when he wrote:

"Already I feel a definite change in my mentality, a stirring and stretching in the mind. I cannot praise too highly the perfectly natural method of progression. There is no trick or quackery about it, and for the return your System gives it seems to be nonsensically cheap at the fees you charge."

WORTH A HUNDRED TIMES THE PRICE.

Many business men have remarked that the Course, to them, would be cheap at ten, twenty, or one hundred times the price. One man, a solicitor, said that a single lesson of the Course was worth £100. The cost, in short, is infinitesimal as compared with results, and small though the fee is, it may be paid by instalments if desired. Cost is no obstacle to anyone becoming a Pelmanist.

Here is another letter—short and sweet—from a busy accountant:

"Since becoming a Pelmanist I have benefited materially, having been promoted twice in twelve months, with 50 per cent. financial increase."

Large numbers of medical men have taken the Pelman Course, and many of them recommend their patients and friends to do the same. Higher praise from such a cautious and conscientious body of professional men it would be impossible to gain. Here is a letter from one:

"I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I took a Pelman Course. . . . I attribute my success in a large measure to the application of Pelman principles. The study was done in the spare time left to me by a large industrial practice."

Another letter, also from a medical man:

"I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover the cause. Your lessons enabled me to discover the weak points and correct them, with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning."

"RESULTS ARE WONDERFUL."

Another Pelmanist expresses himself thus:

"The results are wonderful. I used to wonder (before taking up the Pelman Course) if there was any possible exaggeration, but

honestly no pen can express one tittle of the value the Course really is. What I have gained up to the present could never be called costly even if it had cost me £50."

It may be remarked that this gentleman had only worked through two lessons when he wrote the foregoing. Comment would be superfluous.

One of the most interesting letters received by the Pelman Institute during recent months contains the following very frank admissions:

"I admit having read your announcement for some 10 years, and yet I was not (to my eternal regret, be it admitted) persuaded to commence your Course until I noticed your consistent advertising in the *Times*. . . . I do not see how anyone can study the Pelman lessons seriously and not gain thereby—reaping a reward which, besides its definite and tangible advantage, also brings with it developments which have no parallel in money values."

"To those of my acquaintance who ask my opinion of the Pelman training, I have said, and shall continue to say: Take it—follow instructions carefully—and if at the end of the Course you do not admit having gained something good—right out of proportion to its cost—I will personally refund your outlay."

Such a letter from a business man surely shows that Pelmanism is at least as good as—if not better than—its claims. And that is the opinion of many students. The following extract from a Pelmanist's letter has previously been published, but will bear repetition. In the course of a very warm tribute to the system be said:

"I used to think the claims made for Pelmanism were fantastic and impossible; now I consider them to be understatements of the truth."

OPINIONS OF FAMOUS MEN.

In the course of the last few months a number of well-known professional and business men and women have carefully inquired into Pelmanism, have investigated the methods employed, and have verified, by close scrutiny, every statement made and every testimonial published. Their verdict has in every case been another triumph for the Pelman Institute.

Amongst others the following well-known writers and publicists have given their conclusions to the world, emphasising by all means in their power their faith and belief in Pelmanism as

INDISPENSABLE TO SUCCESS

in any sphere of life:

Admiral Lord Beresford.

General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell.

Major-Gen. Sir F. Maurice.

Sir James Voxall, M.P.

Sir Arthur Quiller Couch.

Sir H. Rider Haggard.

Sir Wm. Robertson Nicoll.

Sir Theodore Cook.

Sir Harry Johnston.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims.

Mr. Max Pemberton.

In addition to these, outspoken praise of Pelmanism and its results has been given editorially in such important newspapers and journals as *Truth*, *John Bull*, *Public Opinion*, *British Weekly*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily News*, *Daily Express*, *Weekly Dispatch*, *Sunday Times*, and a host of others.

There is, in fact, but one opinion as to the value of Pelmanism, and that is, no matter what your position, means, occupation, or ambitions may be, a Pelman Course will prove of infinite help to you.

CONSIDER THESE POINTS.

There is no parallel to the amazing success of Pelmanism amongst all classes; and every month, every week, its success and popularity increase.

It is perfectly simple and easy to master, takes but very little time, and can be studied anywhere. Being taught entirely by correspondence, it does not matter where you live. Many successful Pelmanists took up the Course when living overseas in remote corners of the Empire.

It has now been adopted by over 400,000 men and women, and no thorough student of the Course has ever yet failed to secure "results."

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of "The Sketch" who applies to The Pelman Institute, 41, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.



THE AIR CANDIDATES.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

ONE of the interesting features of the election, the result of which we shall hear shortly, is the number of people connected with aeronautics who are well in the running. None of them is putting up purely on an "air ticket," but they are all so closely concerned with aeronautical affairs that they may be regarded primarily as Air Candidates.

"John Raw." Taking them alphabetically, the first is Captain Wilfred Gordon Aston, A.S.C., who fought Paddington. Away back in 1909 he and the present writer started a weekly aviation paper called the *Aero*, which, unfortunately, ceased in 1911. Thereafter he made a great name for himself as an artist and writer, for he is a genius in both arts. At the outbreak of war he enlisted in the infantry, and his articles under the name of "John Raw" which appeared in the *Mail* were about the best description of a recruit's life ever written. After some considerable active service he was dug out from the infantry by a highly placed officer, who knew his ability, and turned on to Mechanical Transport, being one of the leading authorities on internal-combustion engines—among his other talents. Later on, being unfit for active service, he was requisitioned by the Technical Department of the Air Ministry to analyse and criticise captured German aeroplanes, for the education of the Royal Air Force, and his work in this way has been most valuable.

**R.A.F.
Photographer
in Chief.**

Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.C. (Chatham), is one of the great pioneers of British aviation. He is an Irishman, of the Earl of Meath's family. In 1908-1909 he was experimenting with aeroplanes, and early in 1909 he won the *Daily Mail's* £1000 prize for being the first British aviator to fly a mile round a closed circuit on an all-British machine, his mount being a very early Short biplane with a Green engine. He married and gave up flying in 1910, but remained closely in touch with aerial developments, and on the outbreak of war he joined the R.F.C. He specialised on aerial photography, and won his M.C. for very gallant work during photographic experiments over the enemy's lines. Subsequently he became chief of all R.A.F. photographic work, and everyone knows the enormous value photography has been to both the Navy and Army.

**The Prince of
Wales's Pilot.**

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Carthew, D.S.O. (West Ham), is an old soldier with South African and West African service to his credit. Also, he is a lawyer. Very early in this war he joined the R.F.C., and, although by no means possessing the extreme youth generally considered proper for an aviator, he turned out to be an excellent pilot.

As a flying officer he proved his personal gallantry, as a squadron commander he proved himself a leader of men, and as a wing commander he proved himself an administrator. For some time he has been on G.H.Q. Staff R.A.F., and has won high esteem as a Staff officer also. Incidentally, he must be considered a very reliable flyer, for not many weeks ago the Prince of Wales made quite an extensive aerial tour of Northern France with Colonel Carthew as his pilot.



AN AIRMAN'S NOVEL WEDDING: AN ARCH OF PROPELLERS.

On the occasion of the wedding of Major C. J. Truran to Miss Jane Elizabeth Scaife, at Hornchurch, the bride and bridegroom left the church beneath an arch of propellers. Major Truran is in command of a squadron of the R.A.F. stationed at Hornchurch.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

**The Raider
of Cuxhaven.**

Lieutenant-Colonel
Cecil L'Estrange
Malone (Leyton, E.)

is the only officer of the late R.N.A.S. to put up for Parliament. He was one of our first dozen naval aviators, and one of the best of them. His flying on manoeuvres in 1912 was one of the achievements of the period, for he flew a Short biplane with two engines and three tractor screws, which was a wonderful experiment, and he kept it going. Also in 1912, he was one of the first two or three people who ever flew an aeroplane off a moving ship. When war broke out he was in the Air Department at the Admiralty, but immediately went to sea in command of the three popular cross-Channel packets *Empress*, *Riviera*, and *Engadine*, faked up as seaplane-carriers. With this flotilla he organised that raid

on Cuxhaven on Christmas Day 1914 which so thoroughly scared the German seaport cities—and was never followed up. Later, he took his seaplane-carriers to the Eastern Mediterranean, where he organised raids right across Palestine—by seaplanes with floats, mark you—on the Hedjaz-Suez Railway, besides similar raids higher up the coast on the Turkish coast towns and the Baghdad Railway near Aleppo, and all this in a sea infested with enemy submarines. After some two years constantly at sea he returned to England, and was put in command of the R.N.A.S. experi-

mental work. More recently he has been on special duty in Paris. He was regarded as one of the brainiest and bravest men in the old R.N.A.S.

**The Air of
the House.**

These four are primarily Air Candidates, but there are several others closely concerned with aeronautics. There is Mr. W. Petter, of Yeovil, who is up for North Bristol. He is chief of the

big engineering firm of Petters, Ltd., who own the Westland Aircraft Works, and run them on highly altruistic principles. There is Lieutenant Burrows, who is by profession a cloth-manufacturer, and has for two years been an equipment officer R.F.C. And there is Lieutenant-Colonel Alan Burgoyne, chief of the Priority Department in the Ministry of Munitions, who was the moving spirit in the Parliamentary Air Committee when it was doing its best work. Also, of course, there is Mr. Joynson Hicks, the Chairman of the said Committee.

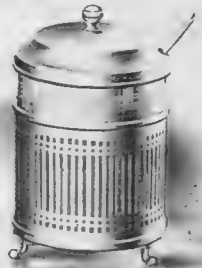


EXHIBITION FOR THE CHILDREN'S JEWEL FUND: A BATTLEFIELD TABLEAU.


Lady Paget is here seen with her battlefield tableau, at the Exhibition opened by the Duchess of Sutherland at Sunderland House, Curzon Street, W.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]




JEWELLERS BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING



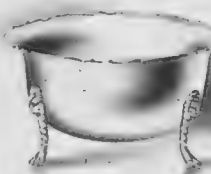
Reeded Glass Preserve Jar, with Silver Lid and Spoon, in Pierced Silver Stand.
£3 5 0



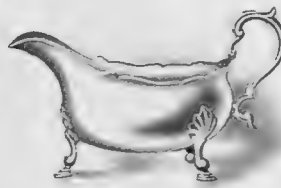
Solid Silver Octagonal Coffee Pot. Copy Antique.
£15 0 0




Solid Silver "Irish" Cream Ewer.
£1 17 6 £2 11 6 £3 10 0



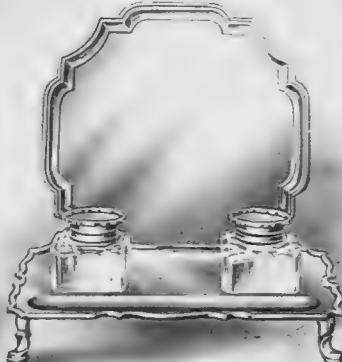
Solid Silver Sugar Basin. Copy Antique. Diameter 4 inches.
£1 17 6




Solid Silver Sauce Boat. Extra heavy. Reproduction Antique.
£3 15 0 £5 5 0 £8 10 0



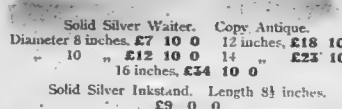
Pair Solid Silver Candlesticks. Copy Antique. Height 8 1/2 inches.
£8 10 0



Solid Silver Waiter. Copy Antique.
Diameter 8 inches. £7 10 0 12 inches. £18 10 0
" 10 " £12 10 0 14 " £23 10 0
" 16 inches. £34 10 0



Pair Solid Silver Candlesticks. Copy Antique. Height 6 inches.
£6 10 0



Solid Silver Inkstand. Length 8 1/2 inches.
£9 0 0

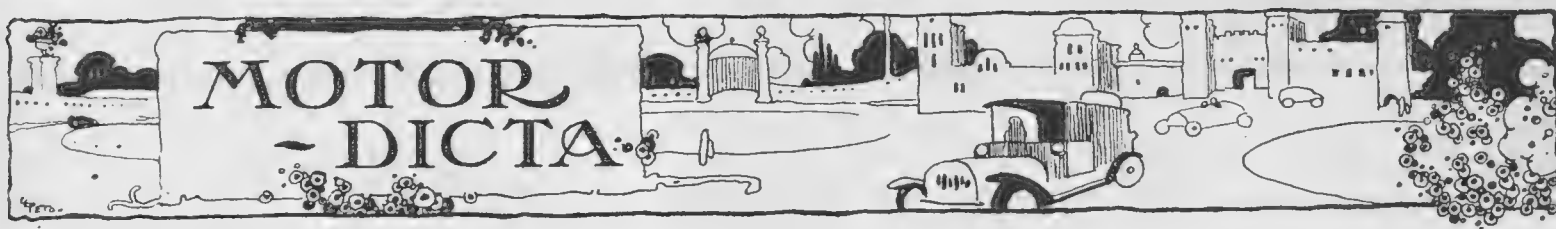
CHRISTMAS

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company have made a great effort to offer Christmas stocks of the most varied and complete description for the selection of Gifts. Buyers should, however, be warned to make an alternative choice, if possible, in case of short supply, as the demand for advertised articles is expected to be exceptionally large; such shortness of supply would only be the result of War conditions. All articles are of highest quality and the best value.

Selections will be sent for approval, if desired, carriage paid, and at the Company's risk, or a Christmas Catalogue may be had post free on application.

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford Street, or elsewhere—in London or abroad—only one Address: 112 Regent Street, London, W.1.

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112 Regent Street London W. 1.



DYING DORA'S DEVASTATING DELINQUENCIES. By GERALD BISS.

IF, despite Leagues of Nations and miles of academic dissertations, we ever have another real big bust-up that necessitates another Defence of the Realm Act, for heaven's sake let us re-create our dreadful "Dora" with a sense of humour! Of all the devastating acts of sheer idiocy which have come under my notice, for the taking the biscuit without coupon, commend me to the local police of a town I know well, who made a motorist resident therein discreetly black over his lamps once more this very last week after he had purged them of their obfuscations. The lamps in the town streets are lighted; the blinds may be left up, and every indoor light may blaze forth unchecked; but the man who has to drive by night is still to sit in darkness at the wheel and chance his luck, and the lives of others, because some person of darkened intellect has not yet released the automobile from deep mourning under "Dora," and her satellites in blue enforce her anachronistic behests. We read in our less censored papers—now glad with the wherewithal to fill their still meagre space, shorn of communiqués and copious columns of war-correspondents—of avoidable accidents due to fog and darkness. Coroners write to the Press in kindly protestation. Coroners, I may remark in passing, are not the ghouls public imagination paints them, but merry fellows off duty, though ever ready to "sit on" a friend who requires their *bon voyage*. Indeed, in pre-war days, before rations made them tighten their belts in common with their future clients, they used to dine together in the spirit of good cheer once a year—no Barmecidal banquet. But even their professional protest against unnecessary overwork stands ignored; and Dora,

was an "off" day for delirious automobildom on ticket of leave. On the Sabbath, however, regulations were hard and fast as ever, penal servitude and huge fines staring transgressors by so much as a furlong or a firkin in the face. It was a day of car-washing after the greatest Poll on record, of purging the trail of the plebs. *en auto*—



TEACHING MOTOR-DRIVING TO BRITISH SOLDIERS IN ITALY: TESTING THE DRIVER'S "NERVE."—[Official Photograph.]

a day of prayer and fasting and preparation. Monday dawned paradoxically bright with the "all clear" officially sounded on all the roads throughout the length and breadth of the land—but no extra petrol, a premium on misfeasance. Fancy nearly forty thousand cars released from the leash of immobility, without a drain of petrol between their forty thousand thirsty carburetters! I can see the morals of even Bishops and newly elected Labour Members (as yet undeclared) going groggy under the strain! It will be the hour and the apotheosis of the petrol-hoarder, and vice on wheels and profiteering in petrol will stalk the land as never giants did in their Junker arrogance. Then, having relieved the congestion of our "about-to-be-nationalised" railways for three weeks—a honeymoon of automobilism—back to your garages, O Israel, and such Gentiles as can still afford to cluck the klaxon—reinterned in your winter quarters, to hibernate at the "B.B.'s" pleasure and leisure.

A Giddy Game.

In fact and in deed, was there ever an idea so joyously grotesque? Treat us as a nation of soldiers or children in time of war, and the instinct of discipline prevails. Treat us like schoolboys in time of peace, and we are the lightest-hearted rebels that ever faced the swishing-block, regardless of speed or reverse. Again, with all this subtle generosity of the Greeks of the "P.C.D.," up to the hour of writing there is no word that immobilised motorists will not be mulcted in half-a-year's license dues for half-a-month's license on the road, despite the fact that to many much more

is due on balance from the date of immobilisation. Oh, it is indeed a giddy game of red-tape traps and bureaucratic chicanery all round; and no wonder there is talk of holding a second and far greater Emancipation Day run to celebrate the great and glorious day when "Dora" abdicates to Amerongen with all her host of bureaucratic satellites, who, taking a leaf out of the Hun's book of officialdom, are obviously laying their lines with departmental astuteness to stay on in democratic disguise.



TEACHING MOTOR-DRIVING TO BRITISH SOLDIERS IN ITALY: A LEARNER DITCHED—SHOWING THE LORRY-DRIVER HOW TO RESCUE A CAR.—[Official Photograph.]

with the death-rattle in her œsophagus, stands adamant. Why and wherefore?

Petrol and Polling Day.

The Berkeley Bureaucrats, her myrmidons in motordom, sustain their reputation for humour and pertinacity in the administration of what polite people call petrol, of which the quality in these days is not strained, to the bewilderment and jealous laughter of the roadside skunks. Last Saturday, being Polling Day the whole country over,

NAPIER

-SIX-CYLINDER-

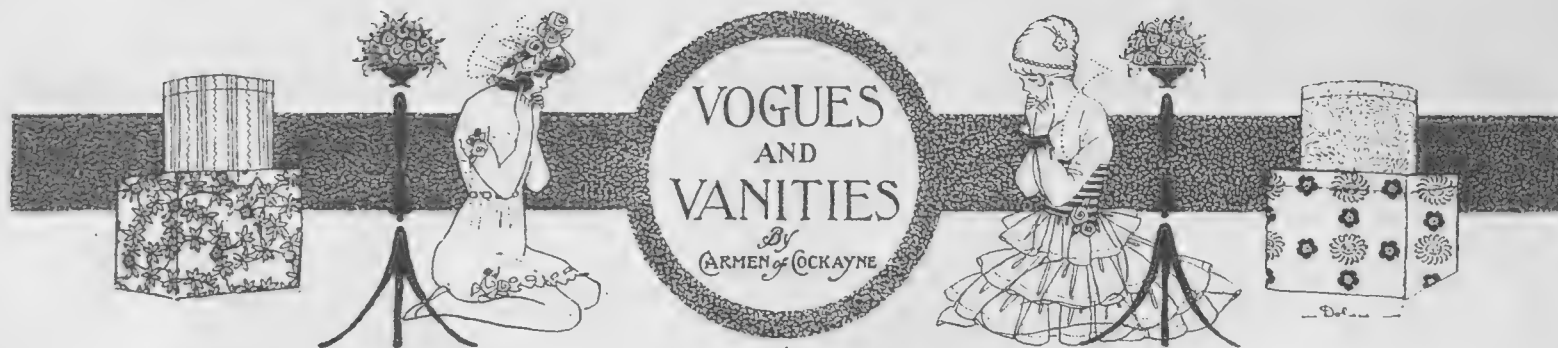
MOTOR CARRIAGES.

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**Good Advice.**

The amount of advice on economy that has been given to women during the last four years would fill a fair-sized encyclopædia. The objects of homilies on how to save may often have wondered on what possible grounds the lecturers could justify their capacity to set themselves up as

givers of good advice; but, on the whole, women submitted with quite smiling good temper to accusations of frivolity, extravagance, lack of patriotism, and all the other sins of which so many wise ones found them guilty. Mr. Harold Cox, if I remember right, produced rows of facts and figures early in the war to prove just what would happen if the nation didn't set to and economise to the last farthing of its resources. Mr. McKenna once tried to relieve the financial situation by suggesting a tax on hats. But the women were never "rattled." They knew, to begin with, that "extravagance" lay not so

much in buying a new dress as in letting yourself be forced to buy what you did not like. They understood, too, a great deal better than their advisers that economy in dress can only be effected when Fashion cuts herself according to the purses of those who are going to wear her.

Youth's Own Time.

Before the armistice came to bring the war to an end there were people who said that women who had learned to appreciate the comfort of short skirts, and breeches, and other unaccustomed outdoor wear of that kind, would never again submit to the tyranny of fashion. Well, it does not yet appear that more than four years of war have succeeded in killing, or stifling, or even diminishing the interest in dress that women have persistently shown ever since Eve first started introducing novelties in fig-leaves. On the contrary, it appears to have left them with a keener appetite than ever for the kind of clothes that add gaiety to life, and distinction and charm to personal appearance. There never was a time when those who earn their living by making lovely things for women to wear exerted themselves more on behalf of their clients, or made a greater success of their job. There are all sorts of ways of arriving at success. One is by means of four tiers of creamy lace arranged as a skirt, with a corsage of deep rose-pink and silver brocade to complete the work the dentelle begins so well. Another is arrived at with the help of pale flesh-pink georgette delicately embroidered in self-coloured silk, and finished with sleeves of the kind that Dolores illustrates in the smaller of the two pictures. It is true that they do rather upset all pre-conceived notions on sleeves, and 'take the very flimsiest view of their responsibilities; but inconsistencies of that kind are just what help to make Fashion so irresistible to those who understand her aright.

There is no knowing what sleeves will do these days. The ones sketched are pale-pink georgette.

much in buying a new dress as in letting yourself be forced to buy what you did not like. They understood, too, a great deal better than their advisers that economy in dress can only be effected when Fashion cuts herself according to the purses of those who are going to wear her.

A New Era.

But there is no longer any excuse for the woman who pays more than she can afford for a gown on the one hand, or complains that "dress is so frightfully expensive" on the other. To be more accurate, there will be no excuse after she has read this article, and realised that at Harrods, Ltd., in Brompton Road, there is a special department devoted to delightful afternoon and evening and "tea dance" frocks, no single one of which costs more than 5½ guineas; whilst a great number of them can be had for a sum much less than that figure. Mme. Midas, reading, may, if she likes, "turn up her noble nose in scorn" at the idea of a smart gown being procurable at the price; but, her facial contortions notwithstanding, facts remain facts. Women have often wondered whether economy and fashion can ever be satisfactorily combined. Harrods have proved that they can.

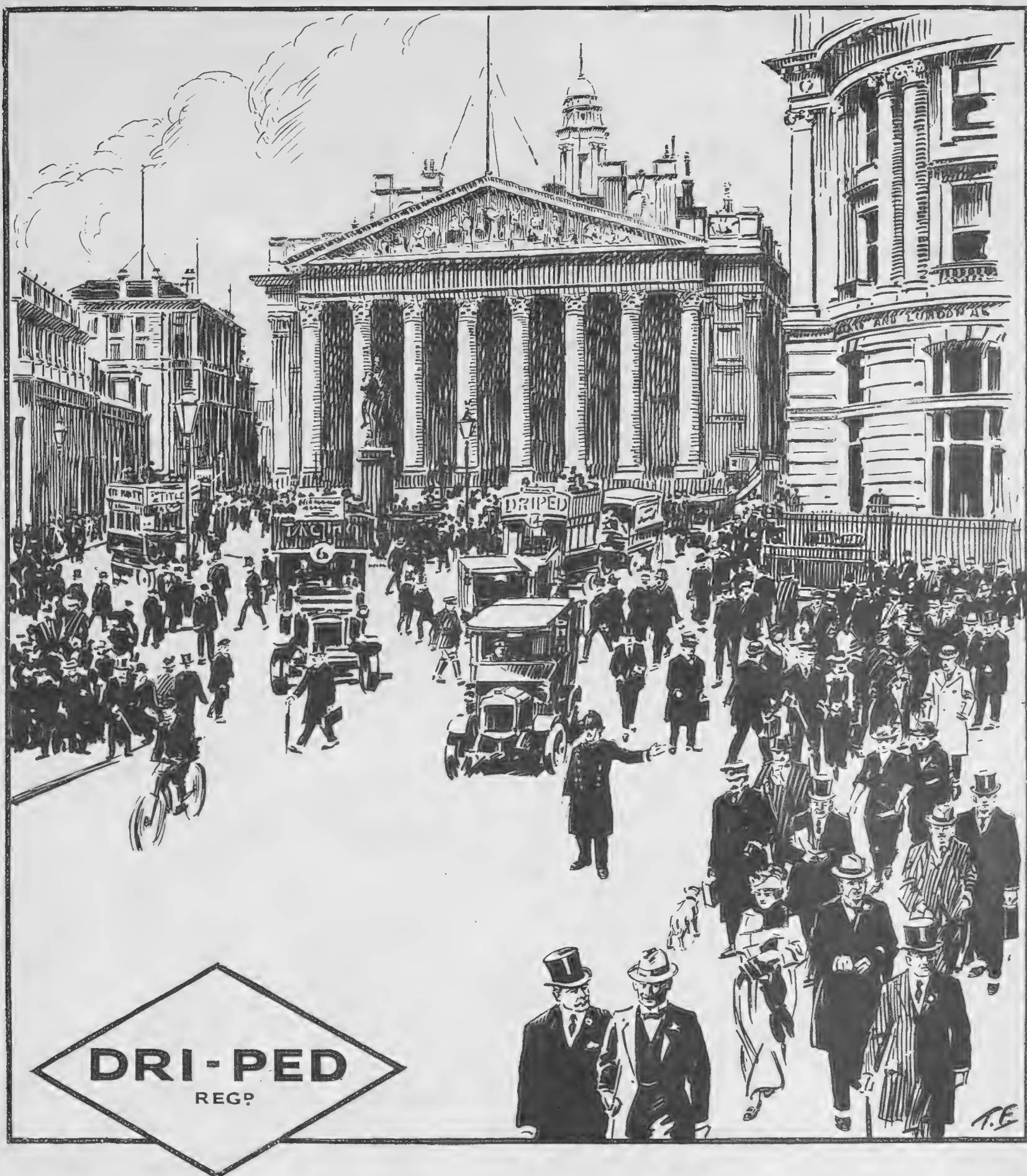
Frocks and Frills and Thrills.

Chiffon, jet, lace, metal tissues of all kinds, ribbons, velvet, silk, and satin are all of them conscripts in Fashion's army this season, so that, with the woman who wants to be smart, it's not so much a case of finding a modish material as of making a choice from the wide range of alternatives provided for her special gratification. The gown Dolores has sketched to-day is an instance of how the clever dress artist unites differing materials to form an attractive whole. The foundation of smartness in this instance is of bishop's purple crêpe-de-Chine, between which and the world hang imponderable floating panels of tulle hemmed, for unity's sake, with the skirt material. As there is nothing to prevent and everything to induce a



Bishop's purple satin, tulle and gold lace make an attractive frock.

Dainty Georgette. Georgette, for all its apparent delicacy, is quite capable of shouldering the responsibilities of a dress. It does it in a deep terra-cotta for a model intended for evening wear, and does it alone except for such assistance as a narrow band of gold-tissue ribbon can give it. Black satin is equally enterprising, and takes silver-tissue ribbon along the top of a square-cut bodice as an ally instead of the golden variety. Billows of white georgette and the smallest-bodice possible resolve themselves into a delightful gown for a débutante; and, though it's contrary to tradition, black tulle can and does do becoming duty as a frock for youth.



Drawing by T. Friedinson.

"Dri-ped" is not a mere trade description: it is a brand by which you may recognise the only leather of its kind in the world. Not all green leather is Dri-ped; no leather is Dri-ped unless it bears the diamond trade mark in purple every few inches.

Dri-ped, the Super-Leather for soles, is waterproof, double-wearing, light, flexible. It is used by repairers for re-soleing, and is readily obtainable on new footwear.

Dri-ped's War- and Peace-time Services

No. 5—The City.

Among the changes the War effected upon City life, the greater desire for personal efficiency was notable: the necessity for personal fitness gained fuller appreciation, and details of personal economy were taken into fuller consideration. That is why Dri-ped, the Super-Leather for Soles, is ever welcome among City men, for its waterproof, and double-wearing qualities.

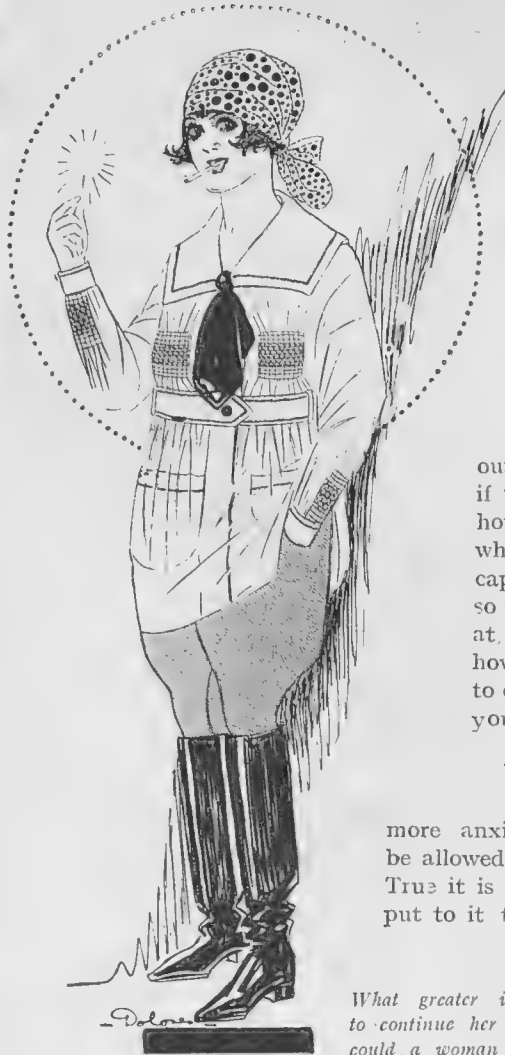
THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Talks of the Time. I hear my sisters talking as they pursue their cheery way in shop or street, but of politics never a word. They are greatly contented that feathered creatures can be couponless at Christmas; the prospect of some confectionery for the chicks, even if it be what is described by a master confectioner as the simple kind, is spoken of smilingly; and that quarter-of-a-pound of sugar which the Food Controller is going to permit us each to buy as a Christmas present for our own selves is a sweet prospect. The double ration of beef most women consign at once to their menkind's good cheer; but currants and raisins, peel, oranges, and nuts are words hopefully spoken. The one woeful woman I heard was bewailing herself to all and sundry that her husband preferred to join the triumphant march into Germany rather than to come home on leave. Even she had a twinkle in her eye that belied her wail.

Do Go and See Them.

I was reminded of the parrot which got the prize for the wittiest remark at a show for "What a damned lot of parrots!" immediately his cover was raised and he looked round; when I saw the dolls at Sunderland House last week. I did not say it; not even the charm of alliteration led me into bad langwidge—so there! They were beautiful dolls. There was a lovely lady in a lovely French bed, with a beauteous baby; the bed began to play a tune, when slowly rose the lady, lifted the baby and pressed it to her breast, and put it slowly down again. I might have been moved to tears if a Highland laddie with a wicked eye had not been ogling—oh, not me!—the lovely lady with the beauteous baby; and the laddie was a dollie too, so there is no prudery in doll-dom. I suppose there never has been such a doll show. Certainly never has a ducal mansion held such a mixed and multitudinous assemblage. Do go and see them, and benefit the Children's Jewel Fund.

I Just Ask You. It is all very well to say women think far more about their smart "undies" than about the reconstruction of the Empire. Of course, it is in one way a true bill. Following on four years and ninety-nine days of a world



war, the above subject, without relief, would turn our heads. To keep them straight we do give some undivided attention to "undies." We do turn in at 14, Conduit Street, and we do persuade Venn to give us a deevy "pyjama" suit or a ducky "nightie" in which to sit around and consider what ought to be and whom we ought to vote for, and such soporific subjects, together with our night-cap cigarette; or, if we have not got them, our hot milk, or Oxo, or Mellin—whatever is our pet "night-cap." If we are not attired so that our minds are quite at rest about our appearance, how can we switch them on to other subjects? I just ask you.

A Free, Strong Circulation.

My sex seems to be much more anxious than the other to be allowed to use motor-cars freely. True it is that we have been hardly put to it to get about. Either we

had to risk furs and hats in wild scrambles to invade public conveyances, or we had to walk. Recently we have had to

(Continued overleaf.)

What greater inducement to continue her land-work could a woman have than this very becoming garb from Mme. Elizabeth, of 45, South Molton Street, W.1? It consists of a coloured embroidered smock worn with corduroy breeches; and, as a fetching finishing-touch, a bright-coloured handkerchief is tied round the head.

Urodonal

Dissolves Uric Acid

Rheumatism,
Gout,
Gravel,
Arterio-Sclerosis,
Neuralgia,
Migraine.

Medical

In whatever spot of the body it may be located, uric acid cannot possibly resist the powerful dissolving and eliminating action of URODONAL. This agent chases the uric acid from all its strongholds: from the muscular fibres of the digestive system; from the sheaths of the arteries; from the pores of the skin; from the pulmonary alveoli, and from the nerve cells.

The beneficial effects of this cleansing process of the system—which unites and epitomizes so many therapeutic indications—are thus plainly apparent.

Dr. BETTOUX,
Medical Faculty of Montpellier.

Opinion:

The triumph of
Modern Science



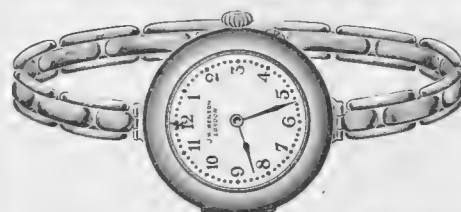
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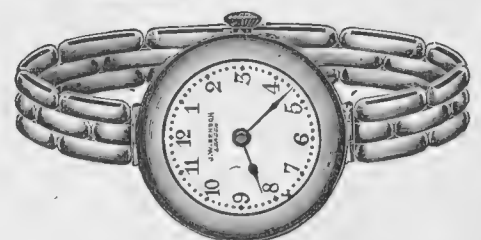
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And 25, OLD BOND STREET, W. 1.

Christmas Gifts at GOOCH'S

THE difficulty of finding really satisfactory "gifts" is quickly forgotten in the characteristic charm and originality of the Gooch productions. Decisions are the more easily reached because Gooch's prices are moderate as usual.

"BOSTON." Useful Wool Country Shirt, well cut, with tailor finish. In a variety of coloured stripes on cream ground; also plain cream with striped collars. 3 sizes 14/11

A fascinating choice of Georgette Crêpe Blouses, trimmed dainty fine lace in white and pastel shades. From 31/6 to 39/6

Dainty Nightdresses in Nuns Veiling, hand scalloped and embroidered 39/6

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Gooch's will close on Tuesday, Dec. 24th, and re-open on Monday, Dec. 30.

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"DORIS." Charming Blouse in rich Crêpe-de-Chine inset with hand-worked stitching in front. Handsome collar edged coarse filet lace. In ivory and a variety of pretty colourings. Also 49/6 in crêpe Georgette

Quilted Satin Dressing Slippers. Court shape in pale blue, black, purple, and pink 14/9 Per pair

Black Velvet Mule Slippers, no backs. Per pair 25/9

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BROS LTD
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WINTER DRESSING GOWN



of ribbed Velvet, lined throughout with fancy Delaine. The Model is specially designed by the "House of Walpole" in anticipation of a trying Winter. It is exceptionally becoming, the collar being trimmed with double rows of fur, as is also the three-quarter sleeves, and the Gown fastens with a girdle.

Walpole Brothers could not have offered this ideal Gown of comfort at the price had they not purchased the Fabric and Fur before the many increases which have taken place.

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Colours:—Jade, Light Rose, Dark Rose, Mauve, Purple, Saxe Blue, Pale Blue, Brown, Grey.

One garment only, with a range of colours, can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of a garment the amount forwarded will be refunded.

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The sweet fragrance of flowers diffusing their perfume while bending with careless grace to the summer breeze.

ENGRAVED STOPPERED BOTTLES IN CASE FOR PRESENTATION 11/6 21/ 37/6

A MINIATURE SPECIMEN WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST THE FOLLOWING PREPARATIONS ARE ALSO ISSUED IN THIS DELIGHTFUL PERFUME

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89 18 mins 18/ 31/6 84	Bath Dusting Powder
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Coffret "INSOUCIANCE" 37/6 post free. A complete and charming gift, containing Parfum, Poudre & Savon, in silk-lined octagonal casket.

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INVENTORS AND MANUFACTURERS OF THE GOLD MEDAL EAU-DE-COLOGNE

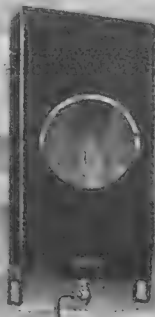


THE HOUSE OF ATKINSON EST. 1799 REBUILT 1911

"a delightful and acceptable gift for Xmas"

A "PERMUTIT" Water Softening Filter

(Used by Royalty)



The "PERMUTIT" Water Softening Filter.

"A potent aid to health and beauty."

Highly recommended by the Medical Faculty.

These little filters are fitted, without any trouble, to the toilet stand or bathroom tap.

They produce water as soft as distilled water from any supply in unlimited quantity.

"Simply turn the tap and you have beautifully soft, pure water for toilet and drinking."

Price complete

Five Guineas.

Illustrated Descriptive Booklet from
United Water Softeners Ltd
20-22 Lincolns Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.
Where you can inspect "PERMUTIT" Softening Filters.

THE VOGUE OF KNITTED WOOL

Wool—warm, soft, clinging and ever imparting the charm of youth, is now the rage in Paris.

We have just received a selection of the latest French Model Jerseys, Dresses and Costumes in beautiful colourings and designs—all made with double knitted wool—pure and without a trace of cotton or spurious fabric. Only the purest wool can give the exquisite appearance so admired now in Paris. The accompanying illustration conveys but an inadequate idea of the fashionable slim effect of beauty created by the style and contrasting shades of colour of this Smart Model, which we can supply in a combination of any of the following colourings:—Black, White, Fawn, Saxe Blue, Vieux Rose and Navy.



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240 OXFORD ST.

Costume Department:
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Christmas

To all users of "Tidy-Wear"—
to future users of "Tidy-Wear" and
to non-users of "Tidy-Wear"—

- Medium:
No. 43 ... 3/4d.
Large:
No. 63 ... 4 1/2d.
Extra Large:
No. 83 ... 5 1/2d.
Superior
Small Mesh:
No. 93 ... 6 1/2d.



Greetings!

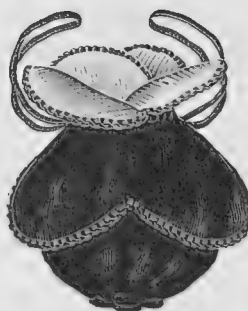
Good Wishes. Remember the
patent Tight-hair—it is the sign
and seal of the perfect Hair-Net.

Note.—The patent
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intended to keep
all unsightly mesh
from the forehead,
and does so, while
not restricting the
Coiffure in any
way.

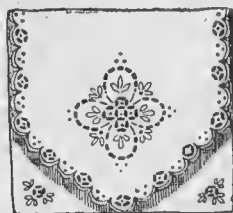
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BOOTS
THE CHEMISTS.

"Tidy-Wear"
PATENTED HAIR NETS REGISTERED

Robinson & Cleaver's Xmas Gifts.



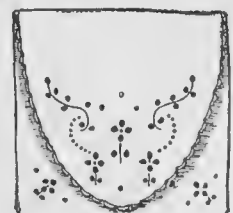
Very smart Moire Silk
Dorothy Bag, 15/11
lined ribbed silk



No. 244. Handkerchief Case
hand-embroidered on
fine linen ... each 4/6



Very smart Silk Bag with
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figured shot silk, £5
in navy blue ...



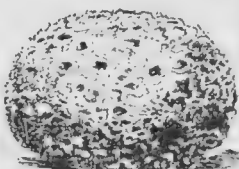
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hand-embroidered on
fine linen ... each 3/3



No. 267. Refreshing
Bouquet Toilet
Lotion. Per bott. 6/6



No. 248. Nightdress Case, hand-
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No. 265. Best Quality
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2/6 3/11 4/6
7/6 7/11 each.

Bath Size.
6/6 7/6 11/3
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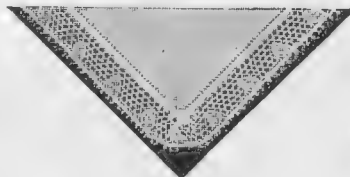
Write for our Illustrated Catalogue of
Christmas Presents sent post free on request.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD.,
THE LINEN HALL, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

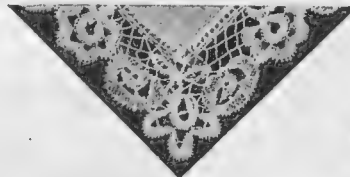


Dickins & Jones

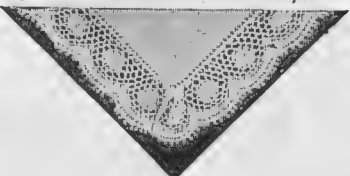
Dainty CHRISTMAS GIFTS



T. 257. Real Point de Paris Lace Edge
Handkerchief, about 11 1/2 ins.
square... 3/11

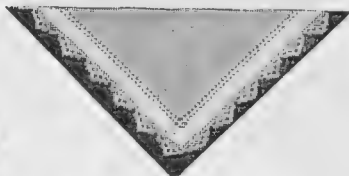


T. 261. Real Honiton Lace Bordered
Handkerchief, about 10 ins.
square... 9/11

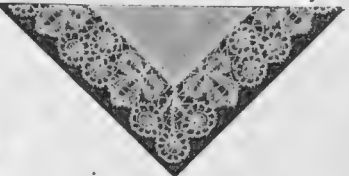


T. 267. Real Valenciennes Lace Edge
Handkerchief, about 9 1/2 ins.
square... 4/11

We have an immense
variety of Real and Antique
Laces of every description.



T. 256. Armenian Lace Edge Handkerchief,
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T. 259. Real Duchesse Lace Bordered
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Evening Gown of dull black satin, with under-bodice of shell pink, veiled with fine black net, shoulder straps of fine paste.

16½ Gns.

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USEFUL FROCK for little girl, in fine Gabadine, with collar and cuffs of white Crêpe-de-Chine hand stitched. In shades of rose, pink and saxe.

Size for 2 to 3 years	Price	49/6
" 4	"	55/9
" 5	"	59/6



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Attractive Bag in soft grey mocca leather, with real tortoiseshell mount.

Price 10 Gns.

This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

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The Charm of Beauty.

THE new crusade for charm and beauty has the invaluable aid of Ven-Yusa, the newly-found Oxygen Face Cream.

To use Ven-Yusa virtually means giving the skin a real oxygen bath. This choice preparation refreshes the tissues and beautifies the complexion in a way that is not possible with any other toilet aid.

5/- per jar at Chemists, Stores, &c., or by post from G. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream

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THE Lotus illustrated here is a welted boot inside a veldtschoen boot, a double boot, and is guaranteed absolutely waterproof.

It is a land boot for farmers, bailiffs or sportsmen, that keeps the feet warm and dry whether it snows or rains, resisting all day long such a severe test as showers of water off wet turnip tops.

Hitherto the Government have reserved it

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Many boots look like it, having the same pattern of apron front, but they are not genuine unless they have the name Lotus branded on the sole.

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is the result of almost a century's experience in the art of whisky blending, and its delicate flavour and delightful bouquet are evidence of the high-class malts from which it is distilled.

The whiskies in its composition are of great age, and immense reserves ensure that "Iona" will not deviate one particle from the outstanding qualities which have for so long distinguished it.

If you have not tasted "Iona," you have not yet realised the perfection of Scotch Whisky.

It is worth while insisting on "Iona."

G. & J. MacLachlan, Ltd.,

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Established 1820.

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I Will Tell You Free How to Cure Yours For Ever, Quickly, Easily, Without Pain or Injury.

From deep despair to joyful satisfaction was the change in my feelings when I found an easy method to cure a distressingly bad growth of Superfluous Hair, after many failures and repeated disappointments.

I will send (absolutely free and without obligation) to any other sufferer full and complete description of how I cured the hair, root and all, so that it has never returned. If you have a growth you wish to destroy stop wasting your money on worthless powders, pastes, and liquids, or the dangerous electric needle; learn from me the safe and painless method I found. Simply send me the coupon below, or a copy of it, with your name and address (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and two penny stamps for reply, addressed as 'below.' I will send you other valuable beauty secrets free as soon as published.



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MRS. HUDSON: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair; also details of other beauty secrets as soon as you can. Address, FREDERICA HUDSON, Dept. K 1522 No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence. Address as above.



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ESTD. 1866.



Magnificent Diamond Ring
£150



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WE SPECIALISE IN BREECHES

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From 50/- Per Pair To Measure

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"Oneforall" Purse

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The latest and best combined Purse for Cash and Notes. Compact and secure. OF ALL STATIONERS, or Post free, 3/-, from the Manufacturers,

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NATURAL MEDICINE
 FOR RESTORING THE NATION'S HEALTH

THE real effects of the last four years of war-strain on our bodily health are now being realised. The reaction finds the physical resistance of the people at a low ebb, with the result that sickness and disease are ravaging the land.

The unusual conditions have given rise to a variety of ailments and they have also brought into prominence the wonderful suitability of a certain family medicine because of the latter's swiftness in repairing the ravages of prolonged strain and under-feeding.

This medicine is the well-known Ker-nak, a highly concentrated pill which combines rare tonic qualities with a gentle and soothing corrective action on the stomach and bowels.

Ker-nak has been resorted to for some time by a select class of patrons who have always taken the stand that their whole outlook and prospects in life are regulated by their bodily health.

Ker-nak, besides being excellent from a medicinal point of view, is also



distinguished for its novelty, and there is probably no medicine in existence which is so suited for family use under present-day conditions of living.

Aided by Ker-nak, the stomach, liver and bowels give up their habit of getting out of order and there is brought instead a buoyant health never before experienced. Not only are the organs of digestion and nutrition thoroughly toned up and invigorated by the use of Ker-nak, but disease is neutralised and a new lease of strength and healthy vitality is secured to the sickly man, woman, or child.

THE FAMILY'S
 FAVOURITE
 PRESCRIPTION

Ker-nak

It is because Ker-nak reaches further than mineral pills, and aims at correcting the disease-tendencies or bad habits of certain organs, that Ker-nak proves the safest and most reliable remedy in cases of Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Liver Chills, Anæmia, Bad Breath, Sallow-ness, Blood Impurities, Loss of Appetite, Influenza and its after-effects, and the many Liver & Stomach troubles that come with the Cold Weather.



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"ENSIGN" ROLL FILMS will fit *any* Roll Film Camera and give the finest results

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Winter Warmth—Summer Weight

A handsome and thoroughly serviceable overcoat, for motoring, travelling, and general use during the Winter months. The Rusitor provides an abundance of luxurious warmth and protection for encountering bad weather, and proves a boon to the man who, whilst appreciating the assurance of comfort, dislikes a coat so bulky as to be cumbersome and tiring when on foot. The Rusitor is made in soft, light-weight coatings, and from collar to waist the lining is warmly quilted, the skirts being lined in the ordinary manner, so as to allow perfect limb freedom.

Every Burberry Garment bears a Burberry label.

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Cleaning Works
Topcoats and Suits
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Serviceable—that is the keynote of Gift-giving this Christmas. You will find an immense stock to choose from, suitable for old and young, in the various departments at Dickins & Jones.



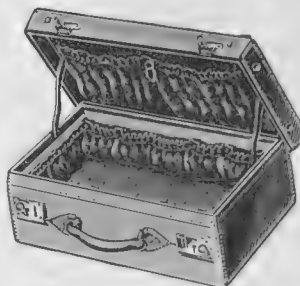
T 63. Handsome Bag of Patent Leather, with silver rim and handle at the back and on top... 65/-



T 66. Shopping Bag, of useful shape and size with top opening. Size 9 by 7 ins. 67/6



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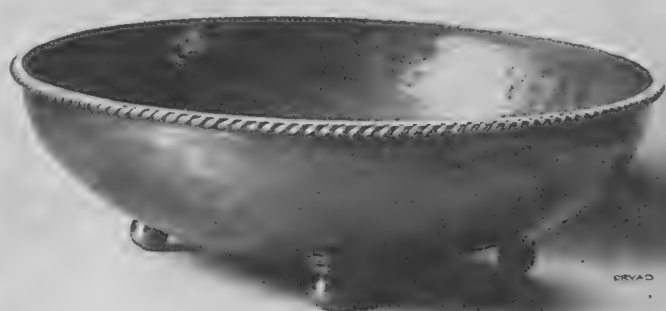
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business purposes, or to issue Circulars or Business Communications to persons other than
their own Principals. Persons who advertise as Brokers or Share Dealers are Not Members
of the Stock Exchange, or in any way under the control of the Committee. Members issuing
Contract Notes are required to use such a form as will provide that the words "Member of the
Stock Exchange, London," shall immediately follow the signature.
A List of Members of the Stock Exchange who are Stock and Share Brokers may be seen
at the Bartholomew Lane entrance to the Bank of England, or obtained on application to
EDWARD SATTERTHWAITE, Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange.
Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.2.

MOTORISTS!

NOW SWITCH ON your CAV's and "TAKE THE
DAYLIGHT WITH YOU."

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND. CANADA.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £2 18s. 9d. Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £3 0s. 11d
Six Months, £1 8s. 2d (including Christmas Number) £1 10s. 7d Six Months, £1 9s. 3d (or with Christmas Number) £1 11s. 8d
Three Months, 14s. 1d (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 6d. Three Months, 14s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 15s. 7d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £3 5s. 3d. Three Months, 15s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 18s. 2d.
Six Months, £1 11s. 5d (including Christmas Number) £1 13s. 10d.
Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The National
Provincial and Union Bank of England, Ltd.," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at
the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.2.



DRYAD METAL WORK

Hand-beaten Bronze Bowl for Flowers, Fruit, or Nuts
9 in. dia. With Wire Net for Flowers, £1 1 0 Carriage paid.
Other designs on application. Dryad Works, 19 Dept., Leicester

The Name
PHILLIPS
on Rubber Heels
and Tips is a
Guarantee of
QUALITY
PHILLIPS' PATENTS LTD., 142, OLD ST. LONDON E.C.

Safety first!
Aldemint Antiseptic Throat Tablets (Comp.:
Lactose & Formaldehyde) are an effectual
protection against the germs of Influenza,
Pneumonia, and all Laryngeal ailments.
Aldemint
is sold in bottles containing 50 tablets, 2/-
of all Chemists. Directions: Allow one tablet
to slowly dissolve in the mouth at intervals.
SOUTHALL BROTHERS & BARCLAY, Ltd.
Manufacturers of "Vilaflex."
Lower Priory, BIRMINGHAM.

'TRIPLEX'

THE "TRIPLEX"
SAFETY GLASS Co. Ltd.
1, Albemarle St.,
Piccadilly,
London, W.1.

Aristocracy in Dress

Do you want to look like
everybody else or do you prefer
that others should wish to look
like you?
An air of distinction and style
is imparted to wearers of
LISTA PURE SILK.



LISTA
PURE SILK

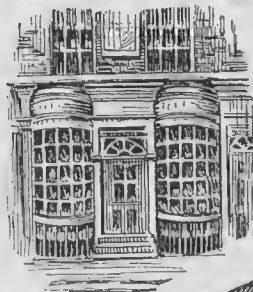
Wholesale only:

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Evans & Evans

(Trading as

FRIBOURG & TREYER)



Established
over 200
years

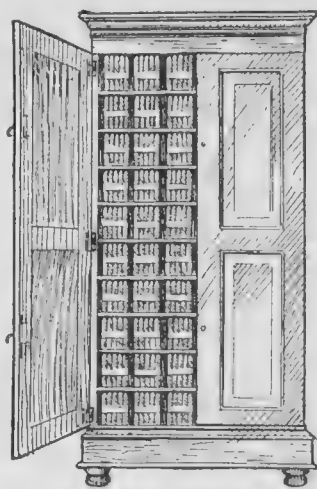


CABINETS of CHOICE CIGARS

The Cabinet depicted here contains 10,000 cigars. These are especially manufactured for us in Havana. The cigars contained in these Cabinets are made from the finest picked Vuelta Acajo Tobacco, selected for quality and colour, and every cigar is made by an expert in the particular shape or size in which he specialises. A customer can purchase samples, 50's or more, and buying these he knows he is getting the finest that money can buy, as nothing better is produced in Havana. We have cabinets in hand at the moment containing 10,000 to 12,000 of Romeo and Julieta, Larranga, Punch, Corona, Ramon Allones, &c., and we have several more which are in bond or we are expecting to arrive in the course of the next few months. Gentlemen requiring cigars for gifts at Christmas should purchase at once as some of these cabinets are sold out in less than a month from the time we receive them.

To connoisseurs of cigars we are sure a visit to our showrooms, which are the finest, would be interesting. We hold a large stock of La Corona Half Corona Cigars, which we supply at 90/- per 10, or a sample box of 25 for 23/6, post extra.

34, HAYMARKET, S.W. 1
3, LEADENHALL, ST., E.C. 3.
And at Oxford and Cambridge.



Victory Christmas

Remember Christmas, 1914.—How the women were waiting—longing and waiting.

Remember Christmas, 1915, 1916, 1917.—How the women in their millions had taken up the heavy burden of the nation's work—munitions, land, commerce, soldiering—in a way history had never seen. And still were waiting—longing and waiting.

Christmas, 1918.—Can you enjoy Victory Christmas unless you share it with the men and women yet at their posts? Our women war-workers need Clubs, Hostels and Canteens more during demobilisation than during the war. Send a gift for the Blue Triangle Huts and Clubs to-day to

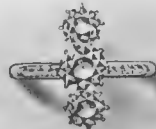


The Lord Sydenham of Combe,
or
Miss Picton-Turbervill, O.B.E.,
26, George Street, Hanover Square,
London, W.1.

Women Wartime Workers' Fund; Registered under the War Charities Act, 1916.

J.W. Benson Ltd.

Fine Gem Rings



Diamonds
£80



Diamonds
£83



Diamonds
£90



Sapphire and Diamonds
£90



Diamonds
£90



Diamonds
£155



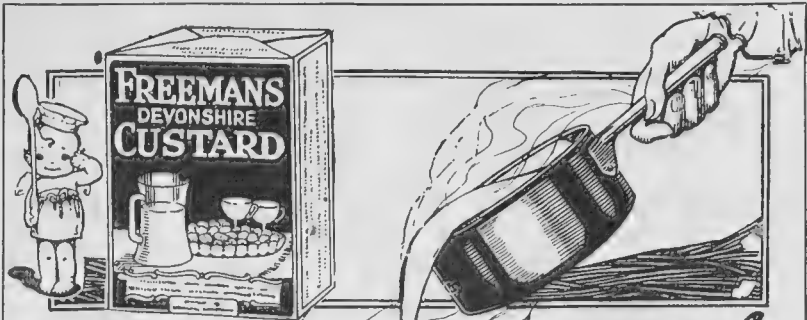
Diamonds
£105

Coloured
Sketches
free.

25, Old Bond St., W.1

Selections
on
approval

AND 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 4



Freeman's
FOOD PRODUCTS
DEVONSHIRE

CUSTARD

YOU can transform even the plainest pudding into a rich, appetising sweet if you serve it with Freeman's Custard. Like all the other good things which come from Delectaland, Freeman's Devonshire Custard combines the most delightful flavouring with important food properties and the highest nutritive value. As delicious as home-made custard—but costing less—it is made more quickly. Served hot, it is most delicious.

MADE IN
DELECTALAND

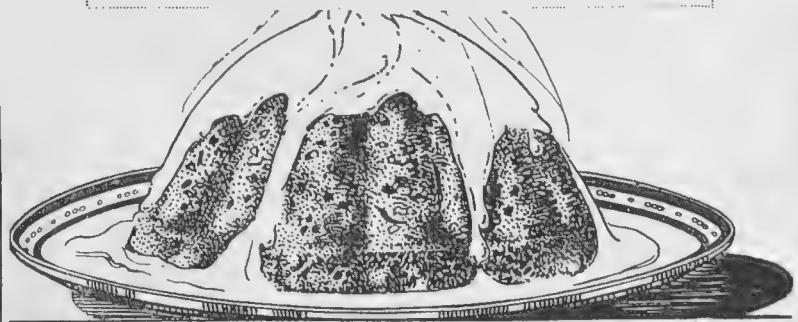
Where Pure Foods come from.

THE WATFORD MFG. CO.
LTD

(Managing Director - - G. HAVINDEN).

Boisseliers (Boy-sel-e-a) Chocolates, Vi-Cocoa and
Freemans Food Products.

DELECTALAND, WATFORD, ENG.



*A batch of business letters—
a settling down to your desk
—a really strenuous afternoon
—a welcome tinkle of teacups
—a damsel with a tray—a
sitting back with a sigh of
relief—*

*and after that—
a pipe of
Bond of
Union.*

The busier you are, the more you appreciate Bond of Union. It is such a cool, steady, mellow, satisfying tobacco. It never interrupts your work by burning your tongue. It never gets on your nerves or tires your brain. Keep a tin in your office-desk and never let your pouch get empty.

Mild, 11d. oz.; Medium and Full, 10½d. oz.

THE COOL SMOKE

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post "Bond of Union" to Soldiers at the Front, specially packed, at 4/2 per lb., duty free. **Minimum order ½ lb.** Postage (extra) 1/- for ½ lb. up to 1½ lb. and 1/4 up to 4 lb. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL.

Continued.]
wade through mud. In the country, communications with neighbours have been cut off, and runs to the neighbouring shopping centre or to the station for town very much restricted. As long as the horrid Hun was unbeaten no one said a word. Now that he is done and out, we do want our cars done up and out. Those of us whose names are down for a new Napier haunt New Burlington Street on the chance of seeing one at No. 14. The new ones are, however, secrets as yet—delicious secrets. Meanwhile, we are all, so to speak, feeling the pulse of the Petrol Control, which is not regular or strong just yet; those who know say there is no reason why it should not be soon, and indicate a free, strong circulation.

Where Every Present Pleases.

A highly interesting visit, if in search of just the right present for the principal person—there always is one—is the celebrated establishment of J. W. Benson, 62, Ludgate Hill. Military badge brooches are still popular presents; but more out of the ordinary run are military badge pendants, of which J. W. Benson make a specialty. Women like to wear them from a bit of regimental ribbon attached by a favourite brooch. These pendants are fascinating and handsome. There are very handsome pouch-shaped bags at this establishment which will please women as being also very useful. They are in purple, green, tan, grey, and other shades of velvet-calf. Some square-cut sapphires mounted as lace-pins or as scarf-pins, with some little diamonds to show up the richness and beauty of the sapphire, are beautiful, and the cost by no means excessive. There is a splendid collection of rings—clusters, single stones, two or three stones set together, half-hoops; and these are at practically all prices, and every price exceptionally good value. Wristlet watches



Street, W.1) aims; here is the result. The jumper is of bright-coloured woollen material, embroidered with a contrasting shade of wool. The skirt is of mole corduroy, and is slit up the side. The breeches to go with it are of mole corduroy, too.

are a very favourite gift; these are enhanced in value if they come from J. W. Benson's—a house with a great reputation for watches. The firm is wonderfully rich in cigar and cigarette-cases in silver and gold. I say "wonderfully" advisedly, for these are among the things in which there is a shortage.

Gramophone Company.

This is a Christmas for joy and gladness, and for mirth and music. The last is part and portion of all the others. The Gramophone Company, Hayes, Middlesex, make the very best, the very newest, the most delightful music an integral part of our home life. Would we hear Paderewski play, or Irene Scharrer, or De Pachmann—Chopin's own soul-interpreter—or Mark Hambourg, or any artist that one loves sing or play, then the newest records from the Gramophone Company are the best Christmas gift for the home, for not only shall we hear this great music, but we shall hear it in the surroundings we love. They are an ideal gift for hospitals and camps and ships, and for our men in those far-away places that for a time they must occupy.

Morny Frères.

Wonderful specialists in delicious scents are Morny Frères, the famous firm at 201, Regent Street who have introduced so many exquisite perfumes to our appreciative olfactory nerves. At no time, probably, will lovely, soothingly lovely, scents be more appreciated presents than this Christmas, when nerves, after a long strain, are suddenly called upon to bear the excitement of intense joy. The newest Morny triumph is "Essence Mystérieuse." It is one singularly restful and delicious; any woman

(Continued overleaf.)

Craven

MIXTURE

has held the respect
of the Critic for over
50 years.

To-day, there is no
finer tobacco to grace
the bowl of the most
fastidious smoker. It is
Cool, Fragrant, and
delightfully mellow.

2/2 per 2 oz.

Made by CARRERAS, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.
Established 1788.

FOOTWEAR FOR MEN

This excellent model which our craftsmen have produced under present-day difficulties is a masterpiece of their craft, and, as prices go, a genuine bargain.

Built up of solid leather throughout, they have stout soles to stand wet weather and stout Glacé Kid uppers to settle comfortably round the foot.

We guarantee the lasting wear of this fine sample of men's footwear. Cash orders only will receive attention, for the number at our disposal is strictly limited. Price £1-7-6, with 6d. extra for laces and a further 6d. for postage.



W.T. 603

Sample Offer.

If there is any hesitation in sending cash we will gladly submit a sample right shoe for inspection and fitting upon receipt of 6d. in stamps for postage. Pencil outlines of the stockings feet are the best guides to size.

Daniel Neal & SONS LIMITED

Shoe Sellers
for all ages.

Dept. 17—126, HIGH STREET,
KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.8.
68-70, EDGWARE ROAD, W.
123, HIGH STREET, PUTNEY, S.W.

At the Dressing Table.

By MIMOSA.

How Milicent Cheated Father Time.

I HADN'T seen Milicent for over three years, when I called on her a few days ago. I knew she had taken up munition work at the beginning of the war, and from what I had heard of her from time to time, hard work, early rising, and late to bed, I quite expected to find her looking older and very much the worse for her three years' work. But far from looking jaded and tired, I found her younger and fresher than when I had last seen her. Her complexion was smooth and clear, and her hair brighter, and more glossy than before, while the few wrinkles which I remember had entirely disappeared.

How She Preserved Her Complexion.

After a little persuasion she told me the secret of how she had not only kept, but improved, her looks during the three years in which we had not met, in spite of her hard work and late hours.

She told me she owed the freshness of her complexion to the regular use every night of a little plain mercolised wax. This she rubbed gently into the face and neck, leaving it on all night, and washing it off in the morning with warm water. She had entirely given up the use of powder, which she told me she felt sure caused wrinkles, and was using instead a lotion made by mixing an ounce of clemite in about two ounces of water. This lotion gives a most natural appearance, and is beneficial to the skin, and judging by her complexion, I can well believe it.

Removing the Wrinkles.

When I asked what she had done to remove the little wrinkles which I remembered round her eyes and mouth, she told me "Nothing." The use of the mercolised wax had done the trick without any effort on her part. This wax, it seems, gently peels off all the dead outer skin, slowly and imperceptibly while one sleeps, and with the dead skin, all lines and wrinkles, leaving the fresh young complexion beneath clear and smooth.

A Slight Growth of Superfluous Hair.

There was another point upon which I was very curious. Milicent used to have a slight growth of hair on her upper lip, which I am forced to admit, entirely spoilt her claims to being considered a pretty girl, and this, too, had entirely disappeared, owing to the use, she told me, of a little powdered pheninol. After two applications, she said, all traces of the growth had disappeared, but as a precaution she had used some tekko paste for a couple of weeks afterwards.

How She Kept Her Hair Bright and Glossy.

To keep her hair in good condition she had shampooed it regularly every fortnight with a dessert-spoonful of stallax dissolved in hot water, then dried it without rinsing (as this is not necessary when using stallax) and given it a good brushing. Every month she gave it a stimulant in the form of a simple tonic. For one week in every four she massaged into the roots every night a tonic made by mixing an ounce of boranum with four ounces of Bay Rum or Eau de Cologne.

A Perfectly Natural Colour.

Milicent had always been naturally pale, and I remarked on the pretty flush which had come into her cheeks. This, she confessed, was not natural (although it had deceived even an expert like myself), but was brought about by using a little pure colliandum, which she applied to her cheeks with a piece of cotton wool. The beauty of this colour was, that it appeared absolutely natural, for it deepened as the atmosphere became warmer, just as a natural colour would.



"Alba"

The famed
"Alba" coats
are made in
many delight-
ful materials,
obtainable
only from
Greensmith
Downes.

The Balerno (on left). Ladies' Kashmaar Coat in light winter texture, kept in a large range of lovely shades. Bottle green, green mixture, dark green, mole, dark navy, purple, amethyst, etc. Price 5 gns. (carriage free.)
The Banavie (on right). Ladies' open-stitch Alpaca Wool Coat, delightfully soft and suitable for an extra wrap. In white, saxe, wheat, fawn, brown, rose, helio, amethyst, navy, yellow, etc. Price 79'6 (carriage free) also in Camel Hair, with raglan sleeve and buckle belt, very warm and comfortable. Price 63/- (carriage free).

Send a postcard asking for new List.

GREENSMITH DOWNES & SON
146 George Street, Edinburgh.

"The Queen of Knitted Coats."

THE MODERN WALLCOVERING.
HALL'S Distemper combines the art idea with solid practical advantages obtainable with no other wall-covering. Whether your home be a castle or a cottage, whether you decorate for rich effect or simplicity, for a healthy home, or for hard wear and economy, choose Hall's Distemper. It is when applied a thorough disinfectant and germ destroyer, and lasts for years with beauty unimpaired.

Enquiries to Sole Manufacturers:
SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., HULL.



Hall's Distemper

The colours are beautiful, the homes it decorates are artistic, bright and healthful.

FOR LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S RAINCOATS

Go to SAMUEL BROTHERS LTD.
OXFORD CIRCUS
W. & LUDGATE HILL
E.C.

OBAYO
REAL
SARDINES

The Elite of the Sea

THE COMPO-LITHOGRAPH DUPLICATOR

No Washing or Melting required. 9/- upwards. Manufactured in London for 30 years. Supplied to His Majesty's Government Offices since 1879. We stock all makes of Duplicators. Gelatine, Stencil, Film and Clay.

The Trade supplied. **LISTS FREE.**

The Compo Lithograph (L.P.) Co.,
28, Kingland Road, LONDON, E.2.



To ensure a Perfect Complexion

use La-rola, the one reliable and never-failing preparation for protecting the skin from the cold and changeable weather. It instantly allays all irritation, gives an exquisite sense of freshness, and safeguards the user against the attacks of frost or wind. The soothing effect of

BEEHAM'S La-rola

(The best substitute for Glycerine)

upon chafed or otherwise irritated skins must be experienced before any true conception of its value can be obtained. A little rubbed into the face morning and evening serves as an excellent skin food, softening and strengthening the delicate tissues.

From all Chemists and Stores.
in Bottles, 1/11

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA" Rose Bloom, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial.

It gives the BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM SPA,
ENGLAND.



La Meriel
DE LUXE



ARE YOU
looking for a Cigar? A Cigar that will cause you no qualms of conscience every time you light up? A Cigar that has the fragrance and the stimulating power of Fine Havana, and is sold at a figure that spells ECONOMY? A Cigar that is smoked by the connoisseur?

The House of Lords, by the force of its own example recommends

"LA MERIEL."

It is unnecessary to insist on the obvious merit of a cigar that has won the favour of members of the Upper House.

But insistence may well be laid on the price of "La Meriel."

Note the following figures:—
47/- per 100 | 23/6 per 50
Post Paid for the Troops Abroad.
36/- per 100 | 18/- per 50

And jot down the name in your diary:
"LA MERIEL" of the Lords.

SIDNEY PULLINGER, Limited,
41 Cannon Street, Birmingham.
C.F.H.

(Continued.)

will eagerly welcome a Christmas gift of a bottle of it. The cost in crystal bottles is 13s. 9d. and 27s. There is, of course, the entire suite of toilet preparations to go with it, for, when a woman adopts a scent, she never contradicts it with any other, but carries it right through in association with her dainty self.

Mappin and Webb's Jewellery.

Very beautiful and very varied in every way are the gifts to be selected at Mappin and Webb's world-famous establishments in jewellery. Whether at their shops 158, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street; or 172, Regent Street, the choice is remarkable and the value excellent, alike for the expenditure of a couple or a couple of hundred pounds—a range that can be extended to any amount. Beautiful indeed are some of the fine rings, than which no gift gives such great pleasure. Those set in clusters, and single stones of size and importance, are in special favour, for those who can afford it are marking this historic Christmas in a suitable way. Long lace brooches are also in much favour. Some of these are rare specimens of art in design and skill in workmanship, and first quality in the gems employed. One brooch which has a band of square-cut diamonds across the centre, with a lovely scroll design underneath, is very beautiful. Pendants are also favourite gifts, as are jewel-set watches, of which there are many examples.

Burrows' Table Waters.

A patriotic present, and one that will certainly secure its own warm welcome, is a case of Burrows' Malvern Table Waters, either still or sparkling. In order that people may know how delicious and how good for them are these waters, a dozen bottles will be sent to any London address on receipt of a P.O. for 7s. 6d., and 2s. will be refunded when the bottles are returned. At Christmas-time, when the finest water is wanted to dilute the seasonable drinks, this gift is particularly appropriate. The very highest authorities have stated that no foreign water of any kind whatsoever is so pure and so cheap, and that it is free from organic matter, and is of the highest degree of purity. There is no bottling house, except in Malvern, where Messrs. W. and J. Burrow, Ltd., own the famous spring known as St. Ann's Well, and have for half a century and more distributed this health-giving and palatable water. The fact that, in use with fine tea, it ensures absolute perfection in the cup we love is not to be lost sight of.

Corona Cigars.

To find the reliable cigar is the feminine puzzle. We all know that what a man likes best at Christmas is a box of real good cigars; we have the best will in the world to give them, but they must be the best smokes; the will alone won't do. It is simple enough if done right, like most things in the world. We have to get into our heads the names of the brands that are the best. These are: La Corona, Bock, Cabana, J. S. Murias, Henry Clay, Carolina, Flor de Cuba, Pedro Murias, Rosa de Santiago, Villar-y-Villar, and Manuel Garcia. These are known and immensely appreciated by all connoisseurs in cigar-smoking, and most of us know enough about the characteristics of our menkind's smokes to make the right choice among them. All good tobacconists supply them, but early orders are necessary to secure them, because they are in such demand.

Liberty's.

Liberty is, as usual, to the fore with a strong muster of Yuletide gifts, and a very pleasing illustrated list of them will be sent post free on application. A pair of leather moccasins, with the toes effectively embroidered, lined with plush, and edged with fur, make a very cosy gift. They are in many colours and sizes from two to six, and cost from £1 9s. 6d. to £1 11s. 6d. As they wear for years, the investment is sound. Of cushions covered with all kinds of attractive materials there is a big supply at Liberty's. Chinese shopping baskets will commend themselves to women who must still for a time carry their own small parcels. Those in raffia straw, decorated with bright-coloured flowers, cost 10s. 6d. Inlaid wood boxes make useful and ornamental presents; these, for cigarettes, cigars, tea-caddies, trinkets, handkerchiefs, etc., are sold from 3s. 6d. to 9s. 3d. Liberty's calendars will be in great demand. They are of well-known bits of Old London in colour, and cost only 2s. 6d. and 2s. 11d. In the firm's artistic jewellery hundreds of gifts will be selected in moonstone, tourmaline, turquoise, amethyst, and other stones; there are also covetable pearl necklets from three to six guineas.

Waring's.

In a notice of various articles for Christmas presents on sale at Messrs. Waring's, in our issue of Dec. 4, the price of a chair called the "Doddington" was, by mistake, given as £2 5s., although, obviously, a chair of the quality described could not be sold at so low a figure. The price of the "Doddington" chair is really £9 5s.

BORWICK'S



THE BAKING POWDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

SESSEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

The "Sphere" says:—
A row of wonderful Sessel reproductions Pearls will amply satisfy even the most fastidious taste.

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings.

From £2 : 2 : 0

Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold, Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or taken in exchange.

Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free.

Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from

SESSEL (Bourne, Ltd.),

14 & 14a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.



Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklet, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

The "Bystander" says:—
In colour, weight, and general appearance there is absolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces.

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.

From £2 : 2 : 0

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in fitted case,

£4 : 4 : 0

The Starting and Lighting System of your Post War Car.



EVERY Motorist will demand perfection and efficiency in every detail of his post-war car. He will want a Starting and Lighting System of undeniably good qualities, and in the **Smith Starting and Lighting System** he will find everything he desires.

The Smith System is paramount among electrical apparatus for motor-cars, combining a **powerful, positive, automatic starter device**, working conjointly with a **proved never-failing lighting system**. An unusually high standard of efficiency and serviceability is embodied in the Smith System because of the many distinct and improved features it possesses.

The **Smith Starting and Lighting System** worthily upholds the great reputation of the greatest Motor Accessories house in the world, and will form an integral part of the equipment of most of the post-war cars.

Write to day to Messrs. S. SMITH & SONS (M.A.), Ltd., 179-185, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, for a copy of their little booklet, "A New Era in Motoring," which describes in detail the Smith Starting and Lighting System.



Smith's Starting & Lighting System

The SWIFT PROGRAMME for 1919

The famous 10 h.p. and 15 h.p. cars will again be produced and ready for delivery early next year, to be followed later with a

NEW 12 H.P. MODEL

The specification embodies a 4-cylinder engine, magneto ignition; 4-speed gear box; electric lighting; electric self-starter; and fitted with either a two or four seated body. This new model will unquestionably dominate its class, and will be the car for all-round service. Mechanically, it will establish a higher standard than hitherto reached by any car of equal power.

SWIFT OF COVENTRY

LONDON :
132 & 134
LONG ACRE,
W.C.2.



DUBLIN
15-17
SOUTH KING
STREET.



Look Inside

When purchasing an Umbrella, one is apt to consider only its appearance when closed. But discerning folk will look inside and see that it is built on a Fox's Frame, which is a guarantee of strength and durability in the part that really matters. Umbrellas built on

FOX'S FRAMES

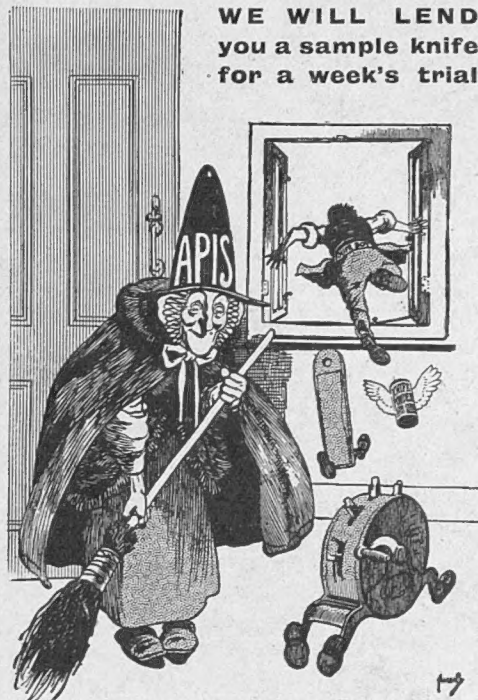
will last longer and maintain a neat appearance throughout. You can have any handle and cover you may select fitted, but be sure that the Frame is right.

LOOK FOR THESE
MARKS
FOX & CO LIMITED
PARAGON



APIS UNSTAINABLE CUTLERY

lessens housework and reduces weekly expenses.



WE WILL LEND
you a sample knife
for a week's trial

You Can Scrap your
Knife Boards, Knife
Machines and Plate
Powders.

After use you merely rinse
and wipe with a cloth.

Thus there is no
wear or tear.

APIS STEEL gives no
taste to fruit or fish.

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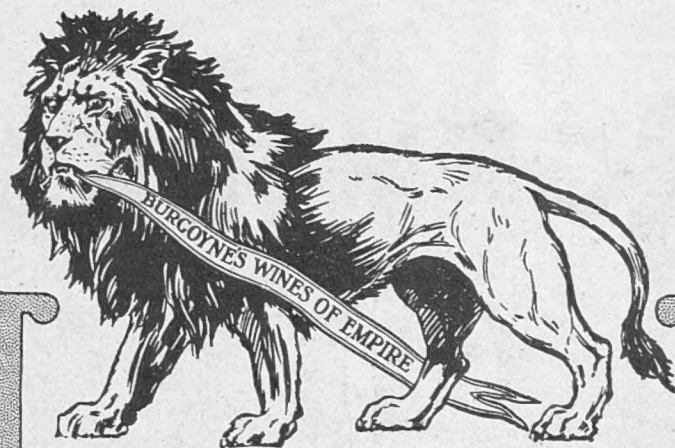
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ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS: THE CHRISTMAS CONSIGNMENT.

THE Christmas gift-book—usually for the younger members of the family, or someone else's family, as the case may be—is as hardy an annual as the turkey or the plum-pudding. This year, as war conditions still prevail in the publishing trade, the pile of books we have to notice is not quite so high as of yore, but they make up for their fewness by their fitness.

What, indeed, could be fitter than a book whose author corrected his proofs "in the intervals between other duties on Vimy Ridge"? The volume in question is "Canadian Wonder Tales" (John Lane), by Cyrus Macmillan, with illustrations in colour by George Sheringham, and a Foreword by Sir William Peterson. The author tells us that many of his tales, which are mostly about animals and birds, are still believed by the Canadian Indians, who recount them round their camp-fires. Following the method of the brothers Grimm, Captain Macmillan gathered his material from the lips of living people. Before he joined the Canadian Artillery, he was a teacher in Montreal. The illustrations are numerous and excellent. In the colour-plates especially—which glow, as it were, with a Red Indian glamour—the artist has caught the right spirit and atmosphere.

Four other tempting tomes have likewise issued from the Bodley Head. Three of them are for children of the younger sort. "The Fairies' Annual," presented by Cecil Starr Johns (Lane), is well and amusingly illustrated both in colour and line. "Flower-Name Fancies," written and designed by Guy Pierre Fauconnet, with English rhymes by Hampden Gordon (Lane), contains also little passages in French descriptive of the various flowers, and would make a charming first French reader for small students. "A Little Chaff," by Margaret Lavington and Helen Urquhart (Lane), is a dainty and diminutive book whose value must not be measured in inches. The colour-plates are small, the marginal drawings are small, and the verses are short; but all are full of humour and simplicity, like Stevenson's "Child's Garden."

"Rhymes of the Red Triangle," with pictures by Joyce Dennys and verses by Hampden Gordon (Lane), is as brimful of fun as the

two previous similar productions by the same collaborators—"Our Girls in War-Time" and "The Hospital A B C." The humour of the pictures we cannot reproduce in words; but here is one of the poems, entitled "Eggs-actly"—

There's a jolly farm colony down Dorset way,
Where Tommy works hard to get fit.
The hens take such pains with the eggs which they lay
That they're marked with the monogram "Y.M.C.A."
(That isn't official, that bit.)

Two extremely attractive books hail from Flanders—that is, as regards their authorship and subject-matter. One is "Beasts and Men," folk-tales collected in Flanders and illustrated by Jean de Bosschère (Heinemann). There is an unfamiliar touch about the illustrations which is very taking. There are twelve colour-plates, and a very large number of black-and-white drawings. All of them are first-rate, and full of that clear and humorous detail which delights the reader who has not yet grown up. The other Flemish volume is "The Legend of Tyl Ulenspiegel," by Charles de Coster (somewhat abridged), with twenty wood-cuts by Albert Delstanche, translated from the French by Geoffrey Whitworth (Chatto and Windus). This famous book, by the way, is not exactly "milk for babes," as some of the stories, such as "Katheline at the Torture," are rather on the gruesome and Rabelaisian side. It is not, in fact, suited to children; but it will appeal strongly to all interested in national legend. "The book," says a Foreword, "has long been known as the first, and perhaps the most notable, example of modern Belgian literature." Its author was born in 1827, and died in 1879. He devoted ten years to his *magnum opus*, but won little recognition. Thirty years after his death a monument was raised to him in Brussels, and Camille Lemonnier pronounced a memorial oration.

Lastly, we have to mention a new and tasteful edition of a time-honoured book, which can safely be put into the hands of any young person—namely, "Old Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall," from the "Sketch-Book" of Washington Irving, with illustrations by Lewis Baumer (Constable). At this time of day it would be superfluous to enthuse as to its literary contents. Of the colour-plates and drawings it is sufficient to say that they are happily in harmony with the text.



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Mr. Hoult died suddenly soon afterwards, and as it now transpires, before the fund had been transferred. As there was no provision in the will for giving effect to his intention the Mercantile Marine Service Association has not received any portion of the money.

Mr. Scott, the secretary of the Association, states that applications have been received from about 400 apparently eligible and deserving candidates, though under the circumstances the Council of the Association have no fund to disburse.

This must be rectified.

A contribution, however small, from every reader of this paper will enable us to provide for these brave and deserving men. You alone know what your share should be—just send it along with the form below.

CONTRIBUTION FORM.

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